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New Masses

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A Nationwide Survey of the Anti-Semitic Campaign in the United States—First Article in a Series

BY JOHN L. SPIVAK

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BY GRANVILLE HICKS

WAR: "ONE HELL OF A BUSINESS"
BY HAROLD WARD

PROLETARIAN LITERATURE TODAY
BY MAXIM GORKY

THE TEXTILE STRIKE SELL-OUT
BY SEYMOUR WALDMAN

NEW WOMEN IN OLD ASIA
BY JOSHUA KUNITZ

MR. VANDERBILT'S OCEAN
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3rd. Quarterly Issue

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Topic: "Artists in Red Uniform"

OCT. 10TH
JOHN L. SPIVAK
author and labor journalist
Topic: "America Faces Pogroms"

OCT. 17TH
HARRY GANNES
of the editorial board, Daily Worker
Topic: "What Is Fascism?"

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New Masses

OCTOBER 2, 1934

THE inevitable has occurred: the army of half a million textile strikers has been betrayed by its A. F. of L. general staff. The strikers themselves had refused to be turned aside by any obstacles; not starvation through denial of relief, nor concentration camps, nor National Guard bullets could stop them. But as THE NEW MASSES of Sept. 11 said, "Novices in unionism generally possess two principal characteristics; militancy and blind faith in their leadership. Too often in the past A. F. of L. leaders have taken advantage of the faith to defeat the militancy." The leadership's technique of hampering and selling out the strike is described by Seymour Waldman in this issue. Betrayed today, the strikers already are gathering forces for combat tomorrow; a re-strike movement is reported in the South and in certain sections of New England, as well as in Paterson. What is happening in the longshore situation will be duplicated in textile. Harry Bridges, the "Red Terror" of the California press, has just been chosen president of the San Francisco local by a vote of 1,285 to 452. Bridges' opponent was backed by the A. F. of L. leadership. The coming national convention of the A. F. of L. in San Francisco may well cause President William Green sleepless nights. This greatest of all the betrayals, in the textile industry, will be most fresh in the minds of all the honest delegates. Green knows the truth of what the Communists declare, that the weakness of the American labor movement is due to the insufficient number of strongly organized Communists who expose and defeat the top leadership's policies of sell-out. He knows also that this deficiency is being steadily overcome. Consequently his principal drive at the convention will be to try to shatter the growing Communist strength which bases itself upon rank and file leadership. But his record of repeated sell-outs will rise up to haunt him. And the rank and file delegates, fully aware of the betrayals in coal, in steel, in motors, and now in textile, will be on hand to keep that record of William Green and his colleagues fresh in the consciousness of the American working class.

THE SECOND U. S. CONGRESS AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM *Limbach*

WHILE the senatorial inquiry in Washington is dragging to light details of the well-known corruption of munition makers—who use even preachers and holy missionaries as salesmen—the Second Congress Against War and Fascism in Chicago takes on decisive importance. Historical contrast is presented by these two events. In the Washington inquiry war-schemers have been revealed, together with government officials and "patriotic" agencies, in a mad-dog scramble for profits at the cost of human blood. In the Chicago Congress, mobilized by the working-class, there has been achieved a remarkable alignment of forces from all strata of society, determined to beat down the two dangers of war and Fascism. Among the Chicago delegates are representatives of religious bodies, of youth organizations, of many American national minorities — Negro, Mexican, Filipino, Indian—of war veterans' organizations, of hundreds of thousands of union members and unemployed, of middle-class intellectuals, writers, artists, scientists, professionals, office workers and other allies of the workers. These active and conscious bodies are not waiting for war to come. Their action will put to shame the half-hearted and demagogue parleys in Washington.

THE Second Anti-War Congress opens amidst a growth of war preparations and a flood of war propaganda unparalleled in peacetime. Two articles, *War: "One Hell of a Business,"* by Harold Ward and *The New Propaganda for War,* by George Seldes summarize the activities of the munition makers and the war ballyhoo of the professional patriots. The Ward article appears in

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this issue of THE NEW MASSES; the Seldes article in the October Harper's. The two articles provide two aspects of one and the same picture. Ward presents some of the high spots in the Senate investigation of the munitions business, showing the nature of the machinations of the highpowered agents of armaments. Seldes presents the ideology of the war mongers, quoting abundantly and damningly from leaders of the Navy Board, United States Admirals, the notorious Navy League, and others. We learn from an officer of the Medical Corps, that "gas warfare is more humane than other forms of warfare," while the former president of the American Chemical Society informs us that "The propaganda against gas warfare is largely inspired and built up by the efforts of women's clubs." Seldes cites the charges by professional militarists who seek to prove that all who attack imperialist war are paid agents of "enemy" countries—charges which today, as mass sentiment against war rises in all countries, deceive nobody. Then we have the panegyrist of war, who, in the best manner of a Mussolini or Hitler, informs chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution that war is the foundation of all human virtues, that "Nations have been born in war and expire in peace." We find those who attack the movement against war by connecting it with the "rape of religion, the subsidizing of the press, and the defeat of the Constitution of the United States."

ANOTHER group of militarists seeks to put down anti-war agitation by trying to show that the next war won't really be a bad one: "That the next war will be little worse than the last. . . . That there is no danger for women, children, civilians in the next war." These people are constantly forced to contradict themselves, since to convince the nation of the need of greater armaments they must picture the horrors of the next war, and then when these become too strong in the public mind they must take another tack and argue that war isn't really anything to worry about after all. Finally appear those interested war mongers who, like the notorious Alfred Nobel of the Dynamite Trust, argue that the more powerful the explosives, the deadlier the gases, the more unlikely war will be. Few of these have ever spoken more despicably and hypocritically than has Francis P. Garvan, President of the Chemical Foundation. Garvan argues: "Chemistry races pacificism to outlaw war. . . . Chemistry makes great wars comparatively cheap. One manufacturing plant could produce enough poison in one day to stifle the life in a city like London. The full story of what chemical warfare may be like is still untold." And the remedy this American citizen proposes is a Federal endowment for chemical research to "precipitate the conclusion that chemistry outlaws war by its grim terrors." But how will the next war of the United States come about? A remarkably concrete answer is quoted by Seldes from an interview he had with a high official of the Navy League. This official expects war with Japan, and Seldes asked how he envisioned America being dragged into a war with Japan. "We expect war in the Pacific. In such a case America will demand the freedom of the seas for its commerce, and will use the Navy to protect its commerce. Suppose Russia or Japan sink our ships. . . ." "Then, you would have us go to war with a foreign power for a purely commercial reason?" Seldes asked. "No," came the reply, "it will be a matter of National Honor."

SELDES, after presenting his excellent material, comes to no other conclusion than that we should prepare for "this inevitable war" more intelligently, that we must not again be "deluded and tricked into a commercial or imperialistic war," and that our youth must demand the truth about the horrors of war, for *"If the next war is worth fighting, the truth will not kill off American patriotism."* (Italics his.) For Harold Ward, however, the munitions makers and the war propagandists are not to be divorced from the society in which they operate. "The Munitions Industry," he says, *"is* international politics, and its murderous ramifications, so far from indicating a diseased (and thus presumably a remediable) condition in capitalist society, *are themselves capitalism."* The remedy therefore is not merely in the knowledge of facts concerning the causes and probable character of "this inevitable war," but mainly in the translation of the protests of the delegates to the Second Congress Against War and Fascism into "international mass-action."

MILLIONS were horrified by the Lindbergh baby kidnaping crime, a crime inspired by greed. Now, the ruling-class which hopes to perpetuate a system in which such horrors are bred, are utilizing even this crime to initiate further horrors. The arrest of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a German long resident here, is being used as a ram to drive through two anti-labor measures. Lusty voices are calling for wholesale arrests, imprisonment or deportation of "aliens." This is a convenient way for industrialists to get rid of "alien" workers (in the bright lexicon of industrialists and super-patriots, alien and militant are synonymous) seeking to organize and fight against starvation and exploitation. It is the way of the infamous Dies Bill of last year, the Doak-Perkins way of dealing with militant labor. It strikes just as hard at the native-born worker, and it is designed to. The other measure was sponsored for the bosses by Chief of Police Siccardi, of Bergen County, N. J., who has just urged at the convention of the International Association of Police Chiefs at Washington that all inhabitants of the United States be fingerprinted. The ruling-class has long sought to put over this infamous internal passport system. Siccardi pointed out if such a system existed "a general round-up after the Lindbergh kidnaping might have served to apprehend Hauptmann." Workers know only too well that such "general round-ups," always part of a drive against aliens, and which would happen increasingly under the fingerprint system, mean clubbings, jailings, deportations—chiefly of militant workers. The newspapers, still busy with swollen sales due to the Hauptmann sensation, have "played down" these revived moves of the bosses. Soon you'll see stories of how with many millions of unemployed it would help the "American workingman" if the "alien workers" and "alien criminals" like Hauptmann were sent back where they came from. But the stories will not say a word about a certain American gentleman whose names in headlines recently sold very well. His name was Dillinger.

THE fall session at Columbia University starting Sept. 27, is noteworthy because of the opening of the new and commodious library donated by that great benefactor of capitalist education, multi-millionaire Edward S. Harkness. The three great universities of the East, Harvard, Yale and Columbia, are now each indebted to the tune of some five million dollars to the stocks, bonds, and dividends of philan-

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thropist Harkness. And from the looks of things at the Columbia library the authorities of the University are going to do all in their power to spread the ideas that Mr. Harkness most likes. For instance, of the eighteen great men whose names are carved in huge letters around the top of the building for freshmen to admire, only two, Voltaire and Goethe, belong to a time beyond 1700. In addition to them there are *ten* ancient Greeks and Romans in the places of honor, three medieval figures, and three famous writers of the modern age. Significantly, there is not one scientist in the whole lot; no room for Copernicus, for Newton, for Darwin, or for Einstein. It is clear that Columbia educators wish to impress upon the mind of the students primarily the wisdom of the ancient world and the benefits of literature. Concentrate on Aristotle and Cicero, Milton and Shakespeare, and there will be relatively little danger of subversive ideas. Above all, go easy on science and scientific method. Capitalism daily grows more embarrassed with science and the radical solutions that real science indicates for our pressing economic and social problems. So let's read literature and the ancients! We would of course be the last to deny that the names engraved on the Columbia library deserve places of high honor in human history or that one should study these men. But the particular selection we have mentioned is not an accident. It symbolizes in a sense the whole of capitalist education today.

IT is three years since September 18, 1931—the date of Japan's seizure of Manchuria. The date is being unofficially celebrated: Japan continues to pursue its conquest of an "asiatic Empire" (for the benefit of its finance-capital "royalty") by murdering, bombing, pillaging; the Nanking Government continues in its policy of wholesale treachery and betrayal of China to the imperialists and its wholesale butchery of the Chinese masses, the white terror and ravenous campaigns against the Chinese Soviet Republic; and the Chinese Soviets continue their victories. A year and a half ago the Fourth Red Army withdrew from the Soviet districts in Honan-Hupeh-Anwhei, advancing on Shensi and driving forward into Szechuan. Further great areas were won for the Soviet power. Schools were built; a bank set up; newspapers issued; salt mines opened up.... Later came reports of the drive of this same army south into Kweichow. And now comes the news of a coordinated drive of the Kiangsi Red Army advancing into the southeastern part of Hunan province and of the Fourth Red Army having entered the southwestern part of Hunan, advancing eastward to meet it. A huge number of wounded Nanking soldiers are streaming into Changsha, and the ruling circles of that city are in a panic, so reports the Shimbun Rengo Agency.

THIS great circling operation carried out by the Fourth Red Army can stand as one of the great military feats of the Chinese Revolution. It has brought within the Soviet fold a vast and rich territory. But this is not the only victory. The victories in Fukien and their strategic importance have been reported in THE NEW MASSES. Further reports state that the Red Army is in a position to occupy both Foochow and Amoy at any time, but for tactical reasons the occupation is delayed. Reuter has reported that another Red Army led by Ho Lan-ying, sister of Ho Lung, has occupied the northern part of Kweichow. Further, in Kwangtung, near the Hunan-Kiangsi border, several cities have been occupied. The Soviets in Shensi are growing. General Yang, militarist of Shensi, declares that Shensi is suffering badly from natural calamities and the ravages of "bandits." The Chinese Soviets have properly celebrated August 1, the day of struggle against imperialist war, by declaring, according to a report published in China Weekly Review, "that on August 1 the Red Army took a solemn oath to wage war on Japanese imperialism and as soon as Fukien is occupied they will advance on the Japanese in the North." This is the only answer to September 18, 1931; this is the answer the Chinese people want. A national revolutionary war against the Japanese imperialists and against all imperialists is being prepared. Meanwhile, virtual famine reigns in many Chinese provinces, with the Nationalist Government unable and unwilling to do anything about it. The peasants are raiding storehouses, destroying the premises of the local Kuomintang organizations, etc. Throughout all, the Chinese militarists bargain among themselves.

THE martinet and incipient Fascist couldn't stand the demagogue, so Police Commissioner O'Ryan of New York resigned, hurling denunciation at Mayor LaGuardia. O'Ryan complains that LaGuardia wouldn't let him crack enough heads of workers; that the Mayor, with an eye to his reputation as a "liberal," was constantly interfering in

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Published weekly by the NEW MASSES, INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1934, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription, $3.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2; three months $1; Foreign $4.50 a year; six months $2.50; three months $1.25. Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than 2 weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers, in prose and verse, and of artists. MSS must be accompanied by return postage. The NEW MASSES pays for contributions.

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the police department. On glancing over the record of the police brutalities in New York City which LaGuardia *has* permitted since he took office, it is obvious that O'Ryan is a man not easy to satisfy. Nothing short of a complete military domination of the city by the police would have suited him, a Fascist regime enforcing Fascist "ordung" on the workers. LaGuardia, slick politician, doesn't believe it need be put over quite yet; but his current negotiations with the bankers who on the question of providing funds for relief are again coming into the open as the real dictators of the city, may show LaGuardia more clearly what it is that capitalism demands of its servants.

ON undertaking a new book which will occupy him for a considerable time, Granville Hicks, literary editor of THE NEW MASSES, was faced with the necessity of temporarily giving up the active direction of the book review section. In next week's issue he will begin a series of literary editorials, which will appear regularly at the beginning of the book section. While Hicks expects to contribute the majority of these brief articles, other writers will be included in the new department from time to time. These brief pieces, signed, are intended to do for the literary side of the magazine what the general editorial section does for the magazine as a whole: to provide editorial direction, to carry on polemics when desirable, to amplify discussions of books and of other literary and cultural events that cannot be undertaken satisfactorily in the book reviews themselves.

To the Freshmen

WHILE college presidents and deans are busy repolishing their emptiest platitudes for the new semester, papers are crowded with items such as the following:

> Hundreds of hunger-crazed squatters on a city dump braved blazing gasoline and a U. S. Marshal's pistol to fish 1,000 gallon cans of poisoned prunes from a flaming pyre. (A.P. Dispatch, Phila., Aug. 16.)
>
> . . . Mary (Montagna) attempted suicide yesterday when she was informed by her parents . . . that she could not attend (high) school. Family circumstances would not permit it. . . . (N. Y Times, Sept. 6.)
>
> Rather than plow up three acres of cotton he had cultivated, B. B. Medlock, 48 years old, tenant farmer of Greenville County, shot and killed himself today. (A. P. Dispatch, Greenville, S. C., Aug. 13.)

We also read of the criminal waste of the cultivated talents of millions of men and women. We hear of doctors driving taxicabs although 50,000 people die each year in New York State alone for lack of proper medical care. We know of lawyers seeking shipping clerk jobs while workers lack legal defense; of 250,000 school teachers unemployed while numerous schools are shut down throughout the country; of the unemployment of 95 percent of New York architects although over a million workers live in slums. Cotton is being plowed under, pigs are destroyed while 15,000,000 unemployed lack food and clothing. Want and destruction hand in hand—unmistakable sign of a system in decay.

Yet the function of the American college is to convince you that the system is in full vigor, to force you to adopt those false goals, those false values, those false modes of behavior which may serve temporarily to prolong the system. Examination of the grandiloquence of college presidents and deans will reveal to you that the American college is an elaborate imposture, a device developed to shackle you to a tottering system, and to shield you from values which lead beyond that system.

The moment you enter the college, reality sinks out of sight, what you get is "pure" knowledge. They tell you that the greatest value of college is learning to face the facts of existence, to weigh them carefully, and deliberately to come to logical conclusions. Yet you will find the gates of the college tightly shut against the realities of today.

"Weigh the facts," means memorize what is presented. The efforts of students to ask questions or to introduce facts which are neglected will be met with diplomatic rebuffs, threatening challenges, even disciplinary suppression.

You will sit in economics classes devoted to rationalizing the barbaric practices of our society: history classes designed to make you feel—through a selected study of the intrigues, miseries and horrors of other times—that our time has reached a welcome and permanent enlightenment; composition classes where the professor will struggle to keep you from dealing with problems that you really face and want to discuss; science classes where professors who helped manufacture poison gas in the last war will chatter of "pure" science. The facts of the class struggle (16 dead in the textile strike), of imperialist practice leading to war, of Fascist tendencies in the United States, will be completely denied or glossed over. And the deans and professors who plead for impartiality will ignore or slander the only socialist country in the world. Their "open mind" means paralysis of action; their "logic" means sterility of thought; their "facts" mean the glorification of what is.

During the era of Coolidge "prosperity," presidents and deans called upon students to lead a *full* college life. Studies were only one part, they said; students should take an interest in student government, student newspapers, discussion clubs and political societies, where they could meet the larger problems of existence. Today you will find most academic welcomers omitting all mention of the "full life." If they do bring it in, it is to urge participation in athletics. Lead a free life at college, they suggest; you will have time to face the large problems later. What has happened? Since the crisis, discussion clubs, political societies, students' government and newspapers have become the collective voice of the students (mainly of a rapidly disappearing middle-class), new interests and needs—not only academic needs, but social, political and economic needs. Aware that a new war will find them targets, the students have begun to use clubs and newspapers to fight war. The authorities have cracked down with suspensions, expulsions, and the dissolution of student clubs. Students in return demanded a greater share of student clubs. Students, in return, demanded a greater share in determining college policies and discipline. The administrations replied with disciplinary attacks on student press and government. Faculty dictators were set up to guard student governing bodies and newspapers against expressing student ideas and demands. In some universities the administration applied

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THE NEW TROPHY

Limbach

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Semitic and fascist propaganda for the Nazis.

For many years Emerson had wandered about the globe covering assignments for newspapers and magazines and always bragging about his Americanism and "patriotism." One of his great boasts was that he was with Roosevelt's Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War; what he never told was that Roosevelt brought him back from Cuba in irons! Lincoln Steffens tells about it in his autobiography.

From his room, for which the German Consul General paid, Emerson launched his "Friends of Germany" most members of which are now in the "Friends of the New Germany." This organization is among the chief distributors of anti-semitic propaganda in the United States. Col. Emerson, when he first started, needed the names of prominent persons to back his propaganda venture so he placed the names of William J. Donovan, former Republican candidate for Governor, Dr. Robert Morss Lovett, an editor of the New Republic, and the former Mayor of New York, George B. McClellan, on his letterhead. Only he forgot to get their approval. These men publicly repudiated any connection with the soldier of fortune when it became known that the "Friends of the New Germany" was an anti-semitic propaganda center.

Col. Emerson carried on his propaganda somewhat stupidly. The "Friends of Germany" held meetings with "storm troops" in full uniform; bitter attacks were made against the Jews at large mass meetings. Visiting officers and sailors from German ships docked in New York appeared at these meetings to preach the song of hate until Jewish and non-Jewish press protested with equal vigor. The keynote of these talks was sounded by Edward L. Sullivan of Boston. At a meeting held at Turnhalle, Lexington Avenue and 85th Street, on June 5, 1934, Sullivan repeatedly referred to Jews as "dirty, stinking, kikes."

Propaganda Minister Goebbels in Berlin became annoyed and the entire German foreign propaganda service was reorganized. Emerson was ordered back to Germany but before he returned for explicit instructions on how to carry on anti-semitic propaganda he had vented his hatred of the Jew at meetings throughout the country and placed the dissemination of anti-semitic propaganda on an organized basis.

In October, 1933, Royal Scott Gulden, of the mustard king family, who had been in close touch with Emerson, tried to organize an espionage system to watch Communists. Emerson had taught him that all Jews were Communists and all Communists Jews. Gulden heard that the then Candidate for Mayor LaGuardia's mother was a Jewess and consequently concluded that he must be a Communist. He decided to put spies on LaGuardia's trail in the hope of turning up enough "evidence" to have him impeached should he be elected. In this effort Gulden enlisted the aid of Fred R. Marvin, a notorious professional patriot. On October 17, 1933, Marvin sent in his report on LaGuardia; but it soon became evident New York was not yet ready to impeach a man because his mother happened to be Jewish.

By this time Gulden had made connections with other patriots who were determined to stamp out the Communist and Jewish peril. At three o'clock on the afternoon of March 10, 1934, a very secret meeting was called by Gulden at 139 East 57th Street. Present were Gulden, J. Schmidt, Richard Rollins and William Dudley Pelley, head of the Silver Shirts.

At this meeting a plan was worked out to attack Communist groups wherever they met on street corners for "in this way state and city governments will be aroused to suppress the Jew in the Communist movement." The patriots decided that at all times the cry was to be "Kill the nearest Jew." Several riots which occurred at New York street corner meetings recently were started by Gulden's provocateurs, the details of which I should be happy to present to the New York city police, should they be interested.

The meeting also decided to disseminate anti-semitic propaganda, especially among the military, naval, and police forces. Gulden, with the aid of a few of his followers prepared a card reading:

CHRISTIAN AMERICANS

WATCH!

I AGREE TO OPPOSE

Non-Christian candidates for public office.

I AGREE TO PATRONIZE

Christian-American Firms and Shops

I AGREE TO COMBAT AND PROTEST

against **All Un-American** forms of Government in the United States.

Notices of Meetings will be sent.

Name .....

Address .....

Sent by .....

.....

Block Sentinel

The cards were distributed wholesale around Wall Street as well as the German area in Yorkville by the Order of '76. Bundles were mailed to Chicago, Toledo, St. Louis and Los Angeles.

Large batches of the thoroughly discredited "Protocols of Zion" were ordered by this patriotic group and distributed on board naval vessels and military camps to rouse soldiers and sailors to the "menace of the Jew." Gulden and his cohorts were overlooking no bets.

Gulden's connections with influential persons were extensive. His associates knew one James True who ran an "Industrial Control Report" under the name of The James True Associates, from the National Press Building in Washington. The anti-semitic propaganda sank into True and to the many business men (including Jews) who were subscribers to his reports, he mailed doses of propaganda in the guise of unbiased reports.

For instance on June 30, 1934, his report states:

> More than 500 men and women have been placed in important positions who are opposed to the Christian religion. Many men and women who are known Communistic radicals, acknowledged atheists, have been placed in positions of power and have written laws which a bought Congress has passed without question. . . .
>
> A large number of intelligent Jews see the writing on the wall, protest against the opportunity offered Nazi organizations, and say the large number of Jews in the government set-up should be reduced. . . . Gentile radicals and communists whisper that if the New Deal plan should fail, if Americanism is strong enough to block their plans for sovietization, they will make the Jews the goat. The way looks dark for several million American Jews who have contributed much to the social and industrial development of the country.

Gulden's work spread. Pelley's interest had been aroused and at three o'clock on the afternoon of March 31, 1934, another group of men met at the 57th Street address. Guards were placed at the doors. This group consisted of Commander Charles E. Gilpin, Col. C. W. Throckmorton, Gulden, Col. E. N. Sanctuary, Capt. Moriarity, J. H. Roys and Walter Johnson.

The country was in the fifth year of a crisis. The Communist Party was growing. To these men it seemed that the revolution would be imported in a rowboat any hour and the Jews, as Jews, were held responsible for Moscow, the Third International, and the Mississippi flood. It sounds insane of course but —so were Hitler's ravings before he got into power. This very secret group decided to organize an espionage and propaganda system among the Jews and the Communists. Members were to be taken from the upper strata of the military, business and social life of the nation, with each member, before he was accepted, carefully investigated. By six o'clock, when the meeting adjourned, the organization was founded. It was called the "Order of '76" and Royal Scott Gulden was appointed secretary to direct espionage and propaganda.

Almost immediately United States Naval and Military intelligence officers, members of the Union League Club, New York City detectives, bankers and business men joined. Gulden himself knew little about spying and was at a loss how to direct them. But he remembered a man Col. Emerson had suggested, and in the latter part of spring, 1934, Gulden was closeted with this man in a secret conference for two hours. At the end of that time the mysterious person emerged ready to

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'76

Date Zone State Co. Post No.

Print full name SIDNEY BROOKS Age 40 Yrs.

Residence No. [redacted] City or Village Highlands

County Monmouth State N. J. Tel. No.

Former Res. 117 Bank St. New York

Business add. — Occ. — Tel. No.

Former Bus. Add. International Tel. & Tel. Corp. Occupation Information Manager

Date of Birth Dec 20 1892 Where Born New York State N.Y. County or City N.Y.

If Married, Wife's Maiden Name Johanna L. Stapelkant Where Born Hagund, Netherlands

Name [redacted]

Father's Name Edwin Emerson Where Born Germany of Amer Parents

Mother's Maiden Name [redacted] Where Born Ann Arbor, Mich.

School Private High School Educated Degrees

Military Record 1st Lieut. Engineers 29 months during war. G-4, GHQ., AEF

Have you been convicted of any criminal offense No What When

Member of Club, Organization, etc.

Remarks understands Russian - was with Am. Relief Adm. - Russia

I her[illegible] ove answers are true to the [illegible]wledge

The membership application form to the secret espionage Order of '76 made out by Sidney Brooks of the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Campaign Committee, proving that he is really the son of Col. Edwin Emerson, notorious Hitler agent in this country who first organized anti-semitism here on a national scale.

direct the organization's spy system. Every effort was made to keep the man's identity secret. To this day the identity of this man has been withheld from most of the members. They may know now. He is Col. Fritz Duquesne, war time German spy who claimed to have sunk the battleship Hampshire with Lord Kitchener on board. Duquesne, alias Frank de Trofford Craven, is in New York under another alias. If the authorities are interested I shall be happy to give them his new name and address and, when he moves, which he will do after he reads this article, his new address.

The discussions of this espionage order invariably turned around the Jew. I shall quote a sample from the minutes of one of their secret meetings, held at the Colonial Room, at the Hotel Weylin in New York:

> The Chairman: I would like to ask this group. A columnist on one of our papers has now come out as a Communist. He was formerly a left wing Socialist. I refer to Heywood Broun. You may have noticed the doctrine he is preaching, how he begins to talk about apples and pears and before he is through, he is talking about good old Communism. In his last article he virtually predicted revolution. It remains to be seen what America would do in the future, whether America would take the whole ground or the middle ground or something like that. I call your attention to this column and ask you to watch it. The owners of that paper are more than friendly to Soviet Russia.
>
> Question: What paper is it?
>
> The Chairman: The World-Telegram which is one of the Scripps-Howard chain of papers. I am going to ask Col. Sanctuary for another word before we are dismissed.
>
> Col. Sanctuary: I will be very brief. Of course what is going on in this room is confidential, but knowing the importance of getting to Congressman McFadden certain information, I had the printer run off two galleys of the Chapter of my book entitled "The Termite Litvinoff." I am sending him this to use with certain key men in Washington. If we can't play this game together, I am going to drop out of it. I just want to read you now the Contents of my book: *Conspiring Termites.* I suppose you want to know what termites are. Well, they are white ants that dig into wood and undermine the structure. "Termites of the Y. M. C. A.'s and Churches," "Peace Treaty Termites," "International Termites," "Social and Community Termites," "The Termite at Work," "Termite Litvinoff, Bullitt, etc.," "Germany and the Jew," "Sidelights on the Protocols," etc., etc.
>
> Question: May I ask about the protocols? Are they still in force?
>
> Col. Sanctuary: The protocols are absolutely true. It is authentic. It is going on today.
>
> Mr. Athey: Do you know why the mystery of Lindbergh's son was not solved? Did you know that Senator Morrow attended a Jewish dinner and died of poisoning? Lindbergh's son was killed by a ritual murder.

It sounds insane and incredible yet this order has in its membership influential men and women in close contact with the military, business and political world. This is the sort of stuff that is disseminated and at one of the Order's secret meetings Gulden announced that he had completed preparations to distribute the "Protocols of Zion" on American battleships and among American soldiers.

There was a member in Washington, D. C. of this secret order who met with Gulden frequently, and that leads us to another of the Nazi-spun threads of anti-semitic hate.

On February 22, 1934, a merger of the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Campaign Committees to conduct the party's Congressional campaign independent of the Republican National Committee was announced in a joint statement by Senator Daniel O. Hastings, of Delaware and Representative Chester C. Bolton, of Ohio, chairmen, respectively of the two committees on Capitol Hill.

Several weeks before this announcement the two committees had already employed Sidney Brooks, for years head of the research bureau, of the International Tel. & Tel. Company, for them. Brooks, due to his position, is close in the confidences of Republican Senators and Congressmen. State secrets are confided to

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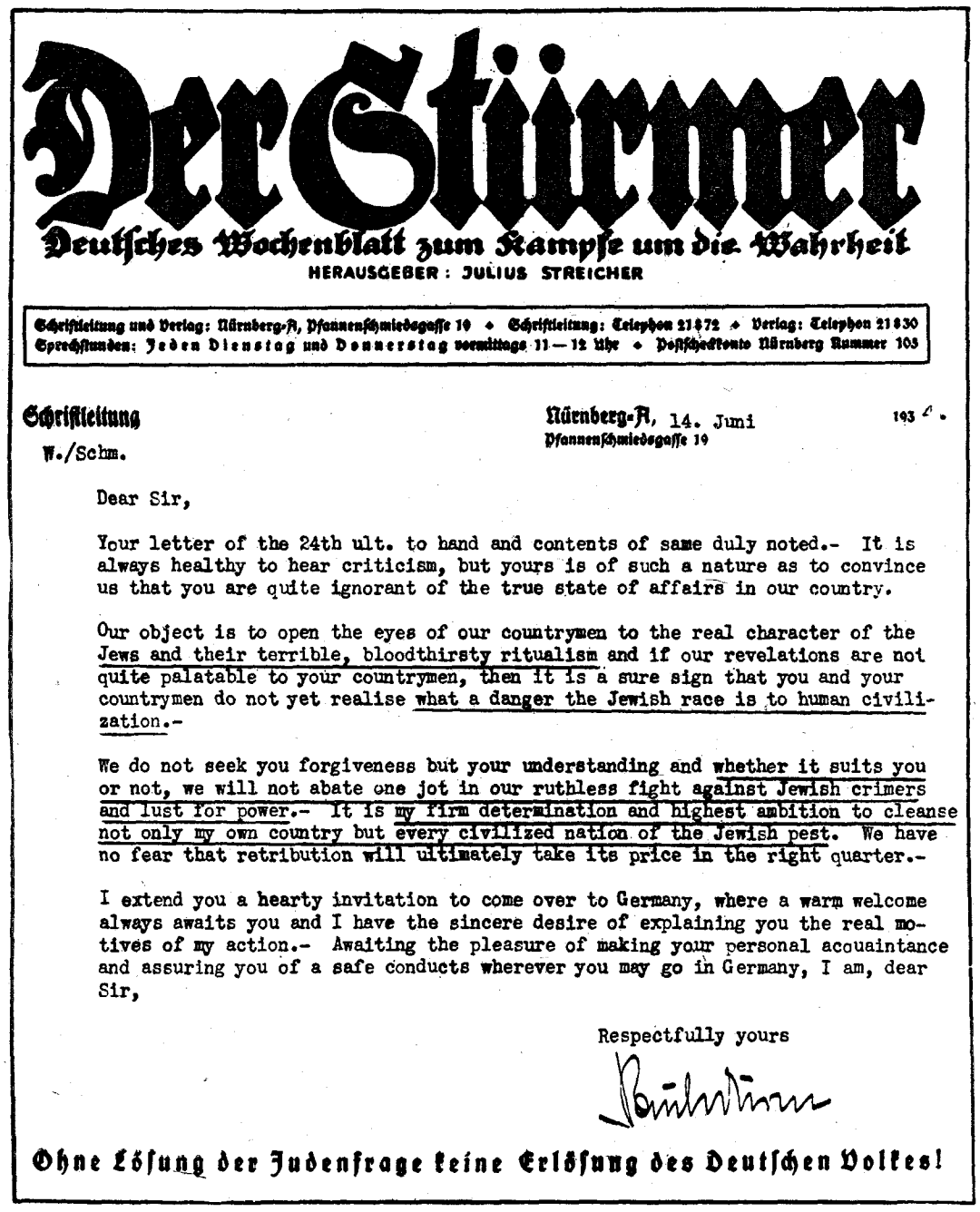

Der Stürmer

Deutsches Wochenblatt zum Kampfe um die Wahrheit

HERAUSGEBER: JULIUS STREICHER

Schriftleitung und Verlag: Nürnberg-A, Pfannenschmiedsgasse 19 • Schriftleitung: Telephon 21372 • Verlag: Telephon 21330
Sprechstunden: Jeden Dienstag und Donnerstag vormittags 11—12 Uhr • Postscheckkonto Nürnberg Nummer 105

Schriftleitung

W./Schm.

Nürnberg-A, 14. Juni 193 4.
Pfannenschmiedsgasse 19

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 24th ult. to hand and contents of same duly noted.- It is always healthy to hear criticism, but yours is of such a nature as to convince us that you are quite ignorant of the true state of affairs in our country.

Our object is to open the eyes of our countrymen to the real character of the Jews and their terrible, bloodthirsty ritualism and if our revelations are not quite palatable to your countrymen, then it is a sure sign that you and your countrymen do not yet realise what a danger the Jewish race is to human civilization.-

We do not seek you forgiveness but your understanding and whether it suits you or not, we will not abate one jot in our ruthless fight against Jewish crimers and lust for power.- It is my firm determination and highest ambition to cleanse not only my own country but every civilized nation of the Jewish pest. We have no fear that retribution will ultimately take its price in the right quarter.-

I extend you a hearty invitation to come over to Germany, where a warm welcome always awaits you and I have the sincere desire of explaining you the real motives of my action.- Awaiting the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance and assuring you of a safe conducts wherever you may go in Germany, I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully yours

Julius Streicher

Ohne Lösung der Judenfrage keine Erlösung des Deutschen Volkes!

The letter which accompanied each copy of the magazine "Der Stürmer," thousands of which were smuggled in on German ships and secretly disseminated throughout the country by Hitler agents and Americans working secretly under their direction.

him. He has his fingers on the pulse of political matters.

Shortly after he took charge of this bureau for the Senators and Congressmen, Brooks made a hurried visit to New York. On March 4, 1934, he drove to the Hotel Edison and went directly to Room 830 where a "William D. Goodales of Los Angeles," as he registered, was awaiting him. Mr. "Goodales" was William Dudley Pelley, head of the Silver Shirts, who had come to New York secretly to confer with Brooks and Gulden! After this conference the two went to Gulden's office where they had a confidential talk that lasted over an hour, during which an agreement was made to merge the Order of '76 with the Silver Shirts so as to carry on their anti-semitic propaganda more effectively.

When the Congressional Committee investigating Nazi activities in this country got wind of the Order of '76 and questioned Gulden about the rumored merger with the Silver Shirts, Gulden denied that there was a merger. Perhaps the Congressional Committee will be interested in the letter Paul A. Toal, foreign adjutant of the Silver Shirts, wrote to Gulden on March 6, 1934, two days after the secret meeting Gulden, Pelley and Brooks had in Gulden's office. The letter follows:

> Dear Friend Gulden:
>
> Today the Chief [William D. Pelley] gave me the good news that your organization has definitely consolidated its membership with the Silver Legion.
>
> Needless to say, it makes me very happy to know that you are now one of us, not only in spirit, as you always were, but also in "action and emblem." Let's do fine work together.
>
> This Letter Service, which was suspended for a few weeks, will now go on with new pep and vigor.
>
> Please get in touch with my friend, General E. S. Imnadze, 51 East 129th Street, New York City. He is one of our members. A former Imperial Russian General, he is doing "little jobs" and is financially rather incapacitated. But he is the Head of the Second North American Section of the All Russian Combatants, consisting of former Imperial Russian Officers, and is able to be of real help to us in our Work. He is supplying me with valuable information from Paris about Soviet developments.
>
> As you know, friend Melnikoff is now Editor of the "Russkaja Gazetta" and very anxious to print an English Edition in his Russian plant. Maybe it would be advisable to consider his propositions with your men in New York.

Brooks himself, on his mysterious visits to New York, always went to 17 Battery Place, which, the reader will remember, houses the German Consul General's office. At that address he visited one John E. Kelly. In a letter to Kelly dated as far back as December 27, 1933, he wrote: "I will be in New York Friday to Monday and can be reached in the usual manner — Gramercy 5-9193 (care Emerson)."

We now find that this man close to high officials of the United States Government is meeting people to merge anti-semitic organizations, calling on persons in the German Consulate building and having a telephone number care of one Emerson. Let us see if this Emerson is the same one who organized the anti-semitic propaganda in this country.

Sidney Brooks, also is a member of the secret Order of '76. Before anyone can join he must, in his own handwriting, and sealed with his own fingerprints, give certain details of his life. Brooks' application to this espionage society appears with this article and shows that he is masquerading under his mother's maiden name. *His father is Col. Edwin Emerson, Hitler agent!*

I should like to offer one more of the many documents which this series will publish concerning the activities of one hundred percent American "patriotic" organizations in the dissemination of anti-semitic propaganda:

On March 3, 1934, while the negotiations for the merging of the espionage order and the Silver Shirts were going on, Edward H. Hunter, executive secretary of the Industrial Defense Association, Inc., 7 Water Street, Boston, wrote to the "Friends of Germany." In this letter the patriotic Mr. Hunter writes:

> Under separate cover we are sending you twenty-five copies of our *Swan Song of Hate* as requested and you may have as many as you wish.
>
> Several times I have conferred with Dr. Tippelskirch and at one time suggested that if he could secure the financial backing from Germany, I could start a real campaign along lines that would be very effective.
>
> All that is necessary to return America to Americans is to organize the many thousands of persons who are victims of Judaism and I am ready to do that at any time.

Dr. Tippelskirch, with whom Hunter discussed getting money from Germany for anti-semitic work, is the German consul in Boston!

This pleading for financial backing from Germany by one hundred percent American patriots is quite common as I shall show in subsequent articles. In the meantime, let us see just what sort of propaganda against the Jew is disseminated by these Nazi agents.

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The German government itself through its propaganda bureau is mailing propaganda material direct to the Congress of the United States, some of it coming from Budapest purporting to be material issued by Americans abroad. Other propaganda material is openly imported in the form of books, leaflets and pamphlets for distribution. These publications ostensibly deal with subjects other than the Jew, such as the Communist, but within the text are some of the most vicious attacks against the Jew ever published. Still other material is smuggled into this country on German ships.

Such material as "Judas Macht Deutschland Tod" was smuggled off the North German Lloyd ship Europa and consigned to Guenther Orgell, head of the "Friends of Germany" through whom it was distributed to various branches of the organization throughout the country, details of which will be given in a subsequent article.

On September 19, 1933, another North German Lloyd ship smuggled in 400 pounds of a magazine called "Der Stürmer." Each issue contained a letter to be addressed to the recipient of the magazine in this country. "Der Stürmer," printed in German, has a legend "The Jews Are Our Misfortune." The letter accompanying this batch of smuggled propaganda reads, with original spelling preserved, in part:

> Our object is to open the eyes of our countrymen to the real character of the Jews and their terrible, bloodthirsty ritualism, and if our revelations are not quite palatable to your countrymen, then it is a sure sign that you and your countrymen do not yet realize what a danger the Jewish race is to human civilization.
>
> We do not seek you forgiveness but your understanding and whether it suits you or not, we will not abate one jot in our ruthless fight against Jewish crimers and lust for power. It is my firm determination and highest ambition to cleanse not only my own country but every civilized nation of the Jewish pest.

This type of propaganda was distributed by the "Friends of Germany" which was launched in the offices of the German Consul General in New York City. Through this Nazi propaganda organization developed by Col. Emerson, the propaganda has spread. The Order of '76 has taken it up besides distributing the anti-semitic propaganda issued by the Silver Shirts with which they are affiliated.

The smuggling of this propaganda is still going on today. The effect it is leaving upon American life grows more grave and is greatly responsible for the startling growth of anti-semitism here.

[*Next week Royal Scott Gulden's views on the anti-semitic campaign will be presented in his own words. In an interview with Mr. Spivak, the active head of the Order of '76 talks with unabashed frankness. More evidence will be presented of the smuggling into this country of anti-semitic propaganda, of who is behind the campaign, and how it is being secretly distributed.*—THE EDITORS.]

Industrial Control Reports

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

THE JAMES TRUE ASSOCIATES

NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING

WASHINGTON

June 30th, 1934

Mental Miasma

A great deal of mental morphia is being disseminated from Washington. Alert readers of the news will read between the lines. Others will be lulled into indifference and trust in further experimentation. So far, ev[illegible] brain-trust ha[illegible]

The Attitude of Jews

A large number of intelligent Jews see the writing on the wall, protest against the opportunity offered Nazi organizations, and say the large number of Jews in the government set-up should be reduced. Another small minority boasts of the progress made, and the reaction is widespread and as venomous as shrapnel.

Gentile radicals and communists whisper that if the New Deal plan should fail, if Americanism is strong enough to block their plans for sovietization, they will make the Jews the goat. The way looks dark for several million American Jews who have contributed much to the social and industrial development of this country.

If Jewish business men would unite and vigorously protest against the radical communistic trend of the Government, they would tend to clear the atmosphere and to eliminate the growing prejudice. But it appears that they will not face the facts. They bitterly resent any mention of the truth. Many of them have denounced us for the warnings we have published and have canceled their subscriptions. . . We shall continue to report the truth as we find it regarding the subject.

Public Boycotts

Following the boycott on German goods, the nation-wide boycott on filthy [illegible] not only e[illegible] succes[illegible]tentous. Th[illegible] after the

The shrewd manner of disseminating anti-Semitic propaganda in financial reports mailed from Washington, D. C., under the guise of impartial observations of the American scene.

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The Textile Strike Sell-Out

SEYMOUR WALDMAN

WASHINGTON.

ON THE afternoon of September 22, in the offices of Matthew Woll's assistant, Chester M. Wright, the American Federation of Labor top officials, their retinues and United Textile Workers associate officialdom staged a super-super-super strike sell-out ceremony attended with the publicity props usually seen at Hollywood movie openings and some of the trappings of a real movie set.

The newspapermen were called at their offices around noon of that day and told not to turn up before 2:15. Wright foresaw that a premature sight of the radio and telegraph publicity props — used so effectively when the irresistible strike demands from the New England mills and the Southern pellagra holes finally forced the U.T.W. leaders to flash the word "strike" to 300,000 expectant textile workers—that a preview of these props would have caused the reporters to send out a confirmation of what was fully expected sooner or later that day.

Everything was timed beautifully. And the milling around of about a hundred boiler-bellied "labor" leaders, smiling N.R.A. Labor Advisory Board adornments, photographers, newspapermen, secretaries, clerks, and telegraph messenger boys gave it the seeming spontaneity of a suddenly arranged party.

Backslapping, laughter — the Rotary Club laughter of an A. F. of L. convention lobby. The class struggle was miles away and the moans of the wounded, the sound of silent, determined, murmuring figures burying the murdered dead, inhabited another world. For this was "VICTORY"—for the government, the employers and their jackals, the A. F. of L. factotums of the New Deal.

"Hello, there!" sang out Sidney Hillman, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America chieftain and leading figure of the labor-gypping N.R.A. Labor Advisory Board. Hillman had come in to share the publicity—and to be in at the kill, with his brother jackals.

The telegraph operator was getting set. Camera bulbs were being adjusted.

"All right, photographers," Chester Wright called out.

"Chester, are we all getting drunk tonight?" a reporter asked the publicity chief of the strike forces. A promised newspaper-A. F. of L. party was in the offing.

A tall, husky middle-aged celebrant, with a long automatic protruding from his breast pocket, moved a bit so that I could see the main speakers, the strike generals who were about to order surrender and retreat to a great, determined, victorious army—an army ready for further sacrifices, an army on the march, prepared for immediate advance. As in the British general strike in 1926, those who didn't want the strike in the first place defeated a victorious army of labor by yelling retreat when the enemy was certain to surrender. The roots of the owners' agents lie deep in the ranks of the workers.

William Green, president of the A. F. of L., Thomas F. McMahon, president of the U.T.W. strike committee chairman, and Belasco-collared Frank Morrison, A. F. of L. Secretary, stood shoulder to shoulder near the telegraph instrument and faced a dozen cameras and W.E.V.D. (E.V.D., initials of Gene Debs!) microphone. Wright had waved an okay to the press association men. "The strike is off!" shouted the A.P., the U.P., and Hearst's I.N.S. The A. F. of L. leaders soon to entrain for their San Francisco Convention, rehearsed their posing.

"Now look down at the paper, Mr. Green . . . that's right." Flash! Mr. Green was preserved for the late afternoon and morning papers — and the revolutionary museum of Soviet America. Green's pulpit face hovered like a halo over the preposterously brazen and empty claims of "complete victory . . . our triumph is one of the greatest in all labor history . . . overwhelming victory . . . sweeping character of the victory . . . tremendous . . . we have taken every trench" that were to be recited as the fifteenth textile striker was dying, a victim of the bullets and bayonets of the strike-breaking National Guard, the mill thugs and the "folded arms" policy of the U.T.W. strike leadership. He rubbed his diamond-fingered hands together during Gorman's "victory" speech.

What was all the to-do about? The Winant Textile Inquiry Board's report of the three weeks' old throbbing struggle had proposed calling off the strike immediately and rejected not only every demand of the New York strike convention, but even the eviscerated demands which were finally made, in Washington, by the Gorman strike committee clique. It was an "excellent" report, decreed President Roosevelt at his Hyde Park palatial home. "An indictment of management," parroted Gorman, the same night.

To the U.T.W. demand for recognition of the union, Roosevelt's wealthy social registerite investment broker Governor of New Hampshire (Winant), his Fusion Brooklyn president (Ingersoll), and his corporation director, lawyer, and N.R.A. southern regional head (Smith), answered: not "feasible . . . at this time."

This, emphasized the U.T.W. executive council and strike committee, through the lips of Gorman, was "practical recognition of our union."

To the U.T.W. demand for the thirty-hour week, of two shifts, with no exemptions, the Winant board replied that the President should "request the Federal Trade Commission . . . to undertake an immediate investigation of the economic status of the industry in relation to the problems of wages and hours, and report its findings at the earliest possible moment . . . and that a hearing then be called before such agency as the President may direct to determine whether a wage increase based upon reduction in hours can, under the prevailing economic conditions, be sustained." In other words, after more than a year of "boards," "investigations," "statistics," and what-not, the stale strike-breaking dodge was offered the workers under a new label.

This, pontificated the assembled U.T.W. and A. F. of L. moguls, is "a method of determining hours on a basis of fact."

The Winant board rejected with unmistakable finality the four convention wage demands: $13 for unskilled, $18 for semi-skilled, $22.50 for skilled, and $30 for highly skilled. Instead, more "investigations," more "reports."

This, the U.T.W. officials interpreted as "a method of determining wages on a basis of fact." Evidently, it was to preserve "fact" that Gorman assiduously ignored the four specific categories of wage demands acknowledged as "imperative" even by the openly reactionary who fought, against McMahon, the calling of the strike in the convention.

The U.T.W. convention had demanded its revisions of the stretch-out "on the basis of reason and ordinary common sense." Not reason and ordinary common sense prevailed, but Roosevelt-A. F. of L. "fact" finding. Here the Winant Board not only turned down immediate relief but ordained that a new body, the Textile Labor Relations Board, shall appoint still another body, a Control Board which "shall study the actual operations of the stretch-out system in a number of representative plants, selected by the code authority [the employers] and the U.T.W., and shall by January 1, 1935, recommend to the President a permanent plan for regulation of the stretch-out." In the meantime the workers are to go back to the same stretch-out against which they struck and faced machine guns, bayonets and concentration camps.

Even this was represented as a victory by the strike leadership. In fact, nothing else but "An end to the stretch-out. . . . We have at last killed the stretch-out."

"It would seem" that the Winant Board didn't refer to the U.T.W. strike committee's wage and hours demands, gloated George Sloan, chairman of the employers' high pressure Cotton Textile Institute and head of the N.R.A. Cotton Textile Code Authority, shortly after hearing of the filing of the Winant report and its ecstatic reception by the President. Mr. Sloan refused to say

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whether he and his colleagues would accommodate Roosevelt's demagogic request to take back the strikers without discrimination—with anything other than a demagogic acceptance, which means the ruthless discrimination regularly practised since the hatching of the N.R.A. The beautiful opportunity to weed out the militant strike leaders, spine of the rank and file, the prelude to the development of the "collective dealing between labor and management" which, said the Winant brethren, "can . . . for the present at least, best be achieved through development on a plant-to-plant basis." That is, firing of unionists on "a plant-to-plant basis."

Of course, Sloan and the Roosevelt administration, to which the A. F. of L. moves closer every day, every hour (Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, just a year ago, called it "the integration of labor in the modern State" in a speech before the Fifty-Third Annual Convention of the A. F. of L.), knew all along that Gorman, McMahon, Green and their kind didn't want the walkout and that they were forced to call it to escape being brushed aside by a membership bent on a strike. Nevertheless Gorman couldn't help reflecting the steadily mounting strength of the picket lines. Thus, he tried desperately to drive the strike into the suffocating folds of arbitration, and having failed to do that, to castrate it by calling for "folded arms" rather than flying squadrons, mass picketing and mass marching. Sloan and the federal government realized that Gorman would do his best to screen the simple economic issues of the strike, and thereby retard its movement by yelling, in familiar San Francisco style, "Reds, Communist disruption, revolution," etc.

This duplicity, however, could not prevent a great deal of the truth from overshadowing the strutting and bargaining of Gorman. Gorman talked to the "public," through the press and the radio. For three weeks.

"The union front stands solid. More mills are closing and the strike becomes stronger every day. The workers are determined not to go back to the mills until their demands are met . . . Our people have had some pretty terrible experiences with boards in the past. On previous occasions, when a board has investigated conditions of the workers, conditions were worse afterwards than when the board began . . . we won't go back until we win our demands, what do you think we're striking for, anyway? . . . the half million who have left the mills will not go back until they go back on terms that meet the issues that caused the strike . . . we know management is weakening . . . it was in harmony with our continuous policy that we should propose arbitration . . . the proud thing today is to be a striker . . . the 30-hour week is absolutely necessary . . . let me state again our strike demands: first, recognition of the union, and the right to collective bargaining; second, we demand a reduction of the work-week to thirty hours; third, with no reduction in the weekly wage; fourth, we demand that the stretch-out be abolished . . . the strike is won right now, make no mistake about that . . . the truth is that at this moment [a day before the sell-out], we have the strike won."

McMahon, who stayed in the background, chimed in: "I have never in all my somewhat long experience witnessed such a demonstration of solidarity and support . . ." The thousands of telegrams from the field, demanding strike, however, didn't preclude his quiet, confident remark (half prediction, half boast), to this writer, that "Our technical demands are broad enough so that reasonable men can sit down and give away here and there. Understand, I mean that we're not going to insist on crossing all t's and dotting every i . . ." In the final betrayal, they not only were not crossed or dotted, they weren't even mentioned!

W. B. Watson, secretary of the U.T.W. special committee, reported early to Washington that the strike sentiment was strongest where the trigger-terror was worst. Three days before Sept. 1, the beginning of the strike, Watson wired: ". . . the South is ready to strike, solidly and on the hour the strike order takes effect . . . The spirit of the workers everywhere is that the action of our convention is the only action that can save the situation for them. They are back of the officers in carrying out those instructions. They will not tolerate any further delay and if any one should attempt to bring about delay I do not believe the workers would remain in the mills."

But while Gorman bellowed fire and brimstone with one side of his commodious mouth, for the newsreels and the reporters assigned to strike headquarters, with the other he offered, bargained and virtually begged Sloan and the Government to cooperate with him in either agreeing upon a strike-abortion formula which would camouflage his skulduggery or else, please, for God's sake, give me some "concessions." At that time, however, "concessions" must "include the recognition of the union and the 30-hour week." Nothing doing. He even offered to accept "adjustments" (arbitration), a lethal weapon of the employers. You have until six o'clock, gentlemen! Go fly a kite, said Sloan. Well, until six o'clock tomorrow!! Fly another, said Sloan. He knew his Gorman. And he wanted Gorman to crawl to him. The strike lines grew anyway. Nothing could stop them. They moved, propelled by the dynamic strength of all labor, with the heart of San Francisco, Toledo, and Minneapolis.

The strikers were being starved. The old policy of no food to strikers was being enforced—by the local corporations that control the relief machinery nearly everywhere. No, he would not see Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins about the failure of the latter's organization to feed strikers. "That's government policy," Gorman declared, though he himself volunteered, "Not only are they not feeding strikers' families except in isolated instances, but they are taking them off the relief rolls unless they go back to work." Still Sloan was unimpressed. For Sloan saw the ranks of the desperate, hungry, struggling strikers grow to at least 500,000, despite the fact that the 20,000 strategic dyers were still not called out (a deliberate maneuver to avoid a complete paralysis of the textile industry).

Gorman tried nearly every conceivable maneuver to slow up the dangerously (to U.T.W. official plans) growing strike. In the face of uniformed murder by State troops, he failed to protest against the use of any troops and called for federal troops (when have they helped strikers?) "to protect our strikers." He fed the Red-baiters and the chauvinists, the former with sporadic cries of "Communist disruption," the latter with thinly veiled attacks on the large number of non-citizen foreign born workers. Yes, the latter had the right to strike, of course. But "I'm for American methods," he explained. "Is it American to shoot workers in the back?" "No, but that's done by the reactionaries." The echo of Roosevelt, Johnson, Richberg.

Green, the $12,000 a year smoke-screener, the speaker who declared, a night before the formal sell-out, "The strike is to be declared," Green, who so ably assisted General Johnson's vigilantes and private thugs in San Francisco by knifing the West Coast strike with his announcement that "the strike was unauthorized"—Green soon decided to take a hand openly in things. A day after Gorman tried to frighten Sloan with the prospect of a general strike ("The situation as it stands at this hour is that other international unions may call their members out in support of our strike . . ."), Green saw to it that Gorman erased any unfounded fears. Gorman, the next day, told the press: "The general strike is out. I have no right to talk of a general strike. I'm a textile worker." The bawling out Green gave him had worked wonders over night.

But that wasn't enough. Green called off the scheduled meeting of the A. F. of L. international unions that presumably was to arrange for financial support of the textile strike—according to Green's own announcement. Of course, the A. F. of L. leaders would help out, Green explained, but they were so busy and had so little time to get to San Francisco, the scene of the impending Fifty-Fourth Annual Convention of the A. F. of L. Why, it would be the first order of business of the convention—on October 1.

Gorman and Green played the Roosevelt Administration game (despite San Francisco, the special automobile board, the steel board dodge, etc.) and shouted, "Back up the President, have-faith-in-the President," louder than ever, right after the flank attack on the textile strikers by General Johnson. Gorman, it will be remembered, remained eloquently silent when Johnson spewed his fascist venom on the San Francisco strikers. It was a despicable act on Johnson's part to attack the textile strikers, roared Green and Gorman. But no word which would even hint that Roosevelt has never repudiated Johnson's open strike-breaking. That Johnson has always

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enunciated Roosevelt policy. Not Hitler, but Goebbels, and Goering, screamed Gorman and Green. They were thrashing the administration's whipping boy, Johnson.

The building up of the Winant Board, from the moment of its birth, was clear notification that the shameless U.T.W. capitulators would soon unsheath their knives behind the backs of the strikers. A "competent" board, "sincere," "conscientious" men, and so forth. The board would not be "cut and dried." The step was short to: "We cannot refuse to co-operate with the President, as he has asked us to do . . . we have now gained every substantial thing that we can gain in this strike . . . we have secured things . . . on a scale so sweeping that we must confess ourselves surprised at the sweeping character of the victory we have won . . . It is a simple and cold statement of fact that our strike has changed the whole relation of the government and of N.R.A. to labor and we have utterly abolished the control of labor relations by code authorities. That is an achievement which cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is a tremendous thing to have gained."

At this writing the employers have already begun to lock-out thousands of strikers from their jobs in the mills, while others try to show to the Roosevelt-illusioned the significance of the colossal sell-out, as others try to rehead the lines with new rank and file strike committees.

The workers, who will awaken to the sell-out sooner or later, will be enlightened by reading reprints of the following Monday morning (Sept. 24) Washington Post (owned by Wall Street banker, Eugene Meyer) editorial. The editorial says:

> The United Textile Workers [the strike leadership], anxious to terminate this strike, do not emphasize that the Winant board found their wage claims exorbitant. That it did so should have no small weight with those employers whose fear of bankruptcy is a chief reason for suspicion of its findings.

It won't—for them, or the broad mass of workers when they realize that their militant worker leadership and the Communist Party fought for them, bled for them and is still there to lead them. The fight has just started.

The lines between capital and labor are more clearly drawn — drawn by a year of blood spilt in desperate battle. Millions of workers know it. And capital knows it. That's why Secretary of Commerce Roper's big business group called the Business and Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce (the sponsors of the first fascist Swope plan) is meeting now.

As stated by the official Commerce Department announcement, "future plans and a specific program to be carried out by the Council during the winter months will form the basis for a large part of the discussion."

They won't have to spend much time planning Hitler concentration camps. Georgia has blazed the way in the textile strike. And Georgia's barbed wires are the tentacles of threatening American Fascism.

Greetings, Mr. Gorman!

MERLE COLBY

The following statement was made to me by a mill worker in Rhode Island late Sunday night after Francis J. Gorman's strike-breaking order had been relayed to all striking textile workers.

I AM a textile worker, and have worked since I was fourteen in the J. and P. Coates mills and in other mills. I am nineteen years old. I'm kind of a thin-buddy. Ever notice what thin-buddies textile workers are?

Why did I strike? Because Friday nights I dragged myself home exhausted after a week in the mill, with a pay-envelope of $15.50 that had to support five besides myself. And I was supposed to be highly paid.

Because the mill I worked in was supposed to pay the girls in the spool room $13 weekly. Those girls had to box eight thousand spools before they got their pay. The mill hired them as "learners" at half-pay—that's what the N.R.A. did for the mill owners. When they had worked six months at $6.50 a week they were no longer learners—so they were fired.

Because the skilled trade of a weaver, the highest I could ever aspire to, although it requires study as hard and as long as it takes to make a lawyer or a doctor, pays only $18 a week.

Because any of us daring to fight conditions and low pay was labelled a "Red" and promptly fired.

Francis J. Gorman called the strike because he had to. We made him. He tried to put off the date, but we textile workers insisted on going out.

What happened that morning after Labor Day? We swarmed out into the streets, thousands of us. There were no picket captains, no banners. Our union officials had told us at the Monday mass meeting they were "proud of us," told us to "fight and win." After patting us on the back, they cut the meeting short. No plans were made, no organization set up.

In huge masses, unsure of anything except that every mill in New England must come out, we marched from mill to mill—and pulled them all out. We organized squadrons to pull out neighboring towns. What did our officials do to help us? In Rhode Island they asked Governor Green to call out the National Guard.

I was in Saylesville last week. I was there when drunken deputies shot into the crowd of pickets. I happened to move a few feet to the left, when I heard a moan behind me. An old woman, seventy-two, who had been standing just behind me, lay on the ground, blood coming from her legs.

Charles Gorcynski was a buddy of mine. We grew up together. He got it in the stomach, and died a few hours later. His sister was on duty at the hospital where he was taken. She saw him when they brought him in.

We held a big funeral for Charles. Fifteen thousand of us paraded to the cemetery. Before the funeral, sheriffs went to his mother's house.

"If you allow them to parade behind your boy's body you'll never get a job in this town again," they told her.

Mr. Sylvia, New England organizer, was in the parade—riding. In an expensive automobile. I was sent over to him to tell him the workers would allow him to speak. He was smoking a cigar. "I don't want to excite them," he told me.

Our officials cooperated with the police. They dragged in local politicians to speak at our meetings. They refused to organize relief committees and defense committees — when families were already going hungry, when many of our friends were in jail. A boy I know got six months for yelling "Scab!"

Our officials yelled "Reds" at us, just like the police, when we tried to organize ourselves. Governor Green called our strike a "Communist insurrection," and not a work of protest came from our union leaders. Francis J. Gorman blamed the "rioting" on us.

Today we heard from Mr. Gorman that the strike was "triumphantly" won, and that we should go back to the mills. We know the strike is not won. In another week it would be won.

Up to last night the strike was still spreading. Mills were going out every day. Now, when we've almost won, Mr. Gorman tells us to go back—with not a single demand granted. Stretch-out—like before. Wages—like before. Hours—like before.

Mr. Gorman said the officials would "organize the workers"—to go back to the mills. This is the first time our officials have been told to organize. They were not willing to organize us to win our strike, but they are willing to organize us to break it.

"Greetings!" Mr. Gorman's statement begins. I wonder does he greet the fifteen workers who were murdered? I wonder does he greet the hundreds wounded? Who is he greeting? The mill owners!

Mr. Gorman, take back your greetings. We are sending you greetings of our own. The strike isn't broken yet. You can't break it.

Thousands of workers are tearing up their union books. Tonight there are mass meetings all over the country. Strike votes are being taken.

Greetings, Mr. Gorman! Greetings from our picket lines!

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White Guards on Parade

Reviewing the New York Times' Red-Baiting Book Review Section

GRANVILLE HICKS

THE contention of this article is that the New York Times Book Review, Section Five of the Times' Sunday issue, carries on a consistent campaign against the Soviet Union, against Communism and Communists, and against revolutionary literature. I shall show that all books on Russia are reviewed by persons opposed to the Soviet government, and that every pro-Soviet book is damned and every anti-Soviet book praised. I shall show that Section Five never delivers a thoroughgoing attack against any one but Communists, being relatively friendly to Socialists, Czarists, and Fascists. I shall show, finally, that Section Five has constituted itself a bulwark against the growing strength of revolutionary American literature, always attacking its principles, usually attacking and always deprecating the works of revolutionary writers, and frantically seeking for other literary schools to oppose to the revolutionary movement.

Readers of THE NEW MASSES, though they may be surprised to realize how consistently Section Five has followed these policies, will certainly not be surprised to learn that it is prejudiced. There may even be some who, admitting the bias of the Times, will defend it on the ground that THE NEW MASSES is also biased. Certainly THE NEW MASSES has never given a book to a reviewer who was known to be either anti-Soviet or pro-Fascist. Certainly most NEW MASSES' reviewers are Communists or Communist sympathizers. Certainly NEW MASSES' critics, though they rigorously analyze the work of revolutionary writers, are in complete sympathy with their principles.

But there is a significant difference between THE NEW MASSES and Section Five. THE NEW MASSES has adopted a certain position, and every issue explains what that position is and why it has been adopted. Section Five, on the other hand, claims to have no position. It is supposed to be the great impartial review of books. It must be remembered that no other American magazine devoted to literature has so wide a circulation, or carries so much advertising, or influences so many book-buyers. Section Five pretends to take its responsibilities seriously. It pretends to give the news about books, to select the facts that potential purchasers need to know. It does not try to be a critical journal. No one reads Section Five for sharp analyses or careful evaluations. No one reads Section Five for the stimulus that is provided by the shrewd, careful expression of a critical philosophy. People read Section Five to find out what the new books are about.

Look at any representative issue of the Times. On the front page, let us say, is a long review by Percy Hutchinson of some mediocre British novel. Mr. Hutchinson, with great seriousness, takes twelve or thirteen hundred words to tell the story, and then concludes with a few trite generalizations and a sentence or two of praise for the publishers to quote. On page two P. W. Wilson learnedly, but quite uncritically, gives a resumé of some conventional historical or religious work. On page three William MacDonald or Walter Littlefield discusses some recent work on politics or international affairs, or perhaps R. L. Duffus tackles a book on American culture. Anyone of these reviewers can be depended upon to tell accurately what the book in hand contains—unless it happens to be by a Communist—and the publisher can rely on all of them not to expose any of the book's shortcomings. Page four is likely to be devoted to a couple of travel books, and Times reviewers are always enthusiastic about travel. Scattered about on these pages are two or three shorter reviews: perhaps Percy Hutchinson judiciously acclaiming a conventional poet, perhaps Rose C. Feld describing a sociological volume. The shorter fiction reviews ordinarily begin on page six, and here Section Five impartiality is beautiful and never-failing. Column after column is devoted to sheer trash. There is never excessive praise, of course, but there is never dismissal. The reviewer may, to save his self-respect, hint that the book is a vulgar product for the *hoi polloi,* but almost invariably such an heretical suggestion is counteracted by at least a line that will sound well in the advertisements.

It is against this background that the Times' treatment of Russian and revolutionary books must be studied. In dealing with bad or mediocre books, Section Five is grandly impartial. You can imagine the instructions to reviewers: "This is a newspaper, not a journal of opinion. Of course you don't have to praise a bad book, but you don't have to say it's bad. Give the facts and let the reader decide. You can criticize minor points, but let's not have any of this silly Menckenian denunciation. And if it is a good book, say so." I don't suppose any such instructions have ever been issued, but I am sure that no reviewer would last long on the Times who failed to follow the general spirit of them so far as the average run of books is concerned. And I am equally sure that no reviewer would last long who did follow these instructions if the book assigned him happened to belong to any of the categories that fall within the province of this article.

The Last White Line

SECTION FIVE boasts a considerable staff of authorities on Russia and Russian literature. Who and what they are will subsequently be made clear. It was to one of these authorities, apparently, that the editor handed Maurice Hindus' *The Great Offensive* when it appeared last fall (Nov. 12, 1933). This reviewer, who remained anonymous, was somewhat smarter than most of his fellow-experts: he kept up the appearance of impartiality. He even seemed to praise the book, but he took care to contradict or minimize every favorable statement that Hindus made about the agricultural situation.

When, a little later, the Stratford Company of Boston issued Chapin Huntington's *The Homesick Million: Russia-out-of-Russia,* a book that most papers and magazines reviewed briefly or not at all, the Times gave it the better part of page four. "A Vivid Story of the Emigré Groups Around the World That Valiantly Carry On," read the subtitle of the review (Jan. 14, 1934). Mr. A. M. Nikolaieff, the reviewer, is one of several mysterious Times experts. I know nothing about him except that he is such an authority on the Imperial Army that he was given two columns (Aug. 26, 1934) to describe a very unimportant Russian book, published in Paris, in praise of General Yudenitch. In Mr. Nikolaieff's hands Mr. Huntington's glorification of the White Guard became a "vivid and illuminating account," which "grasped the epic proportions and historic weight." Mr. Huntington, it seems, "possessed the rare advantage of knowing pre-revolutionary Russia," and his book is a "fine achievement." Nikolaieff quotes with approval Mr. Huntington's statements that the emigrés represent "an incalculable loss for Russia" and that "modern Russian literature has been transplanted abroad bodily," and he closes with warm words in praise of the author's "thorough knowledge and impartiality."

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Knowledge and impartiality are, of course, qualities that the editor of Section Five and his associates strongly approve. When Newsholme and Kingsbury's *Red Medicine* appeared, to be widely hailed as the best informed and most judicial treatment of the subject, Section Five assigned the book neither to a leading American physician nor to a well-known writer on Russia. Instead, it discovered another of its unique authorities, Dr. Henry A. Koiransky. Dr. Koiransky's page review (January 21, 1934) is by no means the usual summary. The first seven paragraphs are devoted to an attack on the professional standing, general intelligence, and personal honesty of the two authors. The next four paragraphs assert the excellence of medicine under the Czar. The next three attack the book's account of the present situation, offering in refutation a letter from "the late Dr. L. O., a brilliant bacteriologist." The two concluding paragraphs sum up: the book is "misleading in the extreme to the uninformed reader."

Messrs. Nikolaieff and Koiransky are good snipers, but the heavy artillery must be brought up when the enemy appears in force. When Fanina Halle's *Women in Soviet Russia* was published, it was assigned to Manya Gordon. Manya Gordon, White Russian, is the wife of Simeon Strunsky. Simeon Strunsky, of the editorial staff of the Times, occasionally joins the Section Five anti-Soviet squad, but he has his own post of duty, "Topics of the Times," on the editorial page, and here he concocts some of the brightest bits of anti-Soviet slander that find their way into print. The editor, therefore, was keeping things right in the family when he gave the book to Manya Gordon Strunsky. Mrs. Strunsky, you can be sure, did not write the conventional summary. More than half her review (February 18, 1934) was devoted to the thesis that all the real achievements of feminine emancipation in Russia were the work of the Kerensky regime and that the Bolsheviks had merely utilized, when they had not destroyed, these accomplishments.

Another mainstay of Section Five is a Socialist by the name of Joseph Shaplen, who was assigned Allan Monkhouse's *Moscow, 1911-1933*. "Mr. Monkhouse," said Shaplen, "tells of this 'frame-up' with the calmness and judiciousness of a man who knows himself to be innocent." (March 4, 1934.) But not content with blanket praise of Monkhouse, Shaplen went on to devote three paragraphs to the Menshevik trial, paragraphs filled with vituperation of the Soviet Union. It is instructive to compare the review by Shaplen, Socialist, with the review by Bruce Lockhart, ex-spy, in the Saturday Review of Literature (Feb. 17, 1934.) Mr. Lockhart, it seems, was less impressed by Mr. Monkhouse's "calmness and judiciousness":

> It is, however, on the subject of the trial that Mr. Monkhouse is most disappointing. His account of his arrest is graphic enough, but on the trial itself he throws no new light. He takes the official view that it was an Ogpu "frame-up" to divert attention from the constant breakdowns of machinery due to Russian incompetence. He praises the British officials whose grasp of the situation frustrated the efforts of the Ogpu "to bring the frame-up trial to a conclusion which would have been more satisfactory to their own prestige."
>
> This is balderdash, and it is hard to believe that Mr. Monkhouse can subscribe to this story with a whole conscience. Even in England it is painfully obvious to the dullest intellect that the Ogpu finished the trial to their entire satisfaction, and that, as far as the honors of propaganda were concerned, the Bolsheviks scooped the lot. . . .
>
> On the trial Mr. Monkhouse is therefore unsatisfactory. I cannot resist the feeling that he would have written a better book if he had not been and was not still in the employ of his firm.

The publication of Kerensky's *Crucifixion of Liberty* was a god-given opportunity for Section Five, and it had to be handled by the master of slander, Simeon Strunsky. His review was proudly flaunted on the first page (March 18, 1934). Strunsky understands perfectly the technique of hiding savage hatred in the cloak of Times impartiality! "So much water—and blood—has run under the Russian bridges that Lenin's responsibility before his native land is now an academic question," and "Whether or not Lenin is the spiritual father of Fascism and Hitlerism is a question that concerns only the historian." Such admirably dispassionate statements merely adorn a review whose real purpose is to glorify pre-revolutionary Russia. "When it is shown," he writes, ". . . that in the decade between 1905 and the outbreak of the World War, a decade of comparative freedom, Russia advanced industrially by leaps and bounds, we have an answer to the argument that dictatorship is the only road to economic progress." Kerensky himself could profitably sit at the feet of Strunsky and learn from him how to malign Soviet Russia.

Books favorable to Russia are not reviewed on page one. Unless they provide material for a Manya Gordon or a Koiransky, they are tucked away on page fifteen, where, in the issue of April 22, you will find another expert, John Cournos, disposing in two columns of Sherwood Eddy's *Russia Today*, Alexander Wicksteed's *My Russian Neighbors*, and Leonard Elmhirst's *Trip to Russia*. Mr. Cournos strikes the proper note by speaking of the fashion for "sentimental travelers to return to rhapsodize over the proletariat, Lenin's tomb and the great experiment." About half the review is devoted to Eddy's book, but not to the chapters in praise of Russia. It is the criticism of Marx and the Soviets that Mr. Cournos dwells on. Mr. Wicksteed is rebuked for providing less material for Section Five; he is, says Mr. Cournos, "less troubled in his conscience by such doubts as possess the author of *Russia Today*." Cournos does well, however, with what he can find: Wicksteed "makes no effort to conceal the lack of liberty" and "does not think that the inhuman treatment of the so-called kulaks was a commendable affair." Unfortunately for Mr. Cournos, Wicksteed unequivocally praises the Soviet achievement in industry and agriculture, but Mr. Cournos is ready with his own counterstatement. Wicksteed thinks the Russians will become intellectual leaders of the world, "a statement," Mr. Cournos comments, "one can scarcely accept seriously." Wicksteed is hopeful about the future of Russia, but "the reviewer, in any case, does not agree with him."

"The reviewer, in any case, does not agree." There, in Mr. Cournos' own nutshell, is the policy of Section Five with regard to any book that even mildly praises any aspect of life in the U.S.S.R. The reviewers, you observe, are not persons who have recently studied Soviet Russia. You would scarcely expect to find Ella Winter or Corliss Lamont or Mrs. Alice W. Field in Section Five, but you might expect the reviewers to be on the level of Walter Duranty or Harold Denny. But no, Section Five invariably assigns books on the Soviet Union to emigrés and their sympathizers. It is, as a matter of fact, the principal organ of the White Guard in America.

The Politics of Art

IT IS a little too much to expect of the emigrés and renegades of Section Five that they should maintain as close a watch over Soviet literature as they do over political studies. But, in view of their professed enthusiasm for a free and non-political art, they do exceedingly well. There was, it is true, a review of Kataev's *Time, Forward!* by Peter Monro Jack (November 5, 1933) that bestowed praise almost without qualification. One feels confident, however, that such a mistake will never happen again.

The editor of Section Five made a serious error in not assigning *Time, Forward!* to his principal expert on Soviet literature, Alexander Nazaroff. Mr. Nazaroff, if he had seen fit to praise the book at all, would have known how to make his praise an instrument for the condemning of the Soviets and all their works. Mr. Nazaroff, for example, found Gladkov's *Energy* "a happy exception" to the "general rule" that "the so-called 'industrialization novels'" are "beyond the pale of that which deserves the name of literature." It is one of the few books, "amid the mass of propaganda that pours from the Soviet presses," that have "an interest independent of the gospel according to Marx and Lenin." (Dec. 17, 1933.)

Mr. Nazaroff found Ehrenbourg's *Out of Chaos* (June 3, 1934) similarly exceptional. (Mr. Nazaroff apparently believes not only that it is the exception that proves the rule, but also that the more exceptions, the better the rule is proved.) *"Out of Chaos,"* he says, "belongs in that class of literature which, in Moscow, is termed 'production novels.' Soviet

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writers have long since evolved a rigid formula for such novels. . . . As it is known, since the introduction of the Five-Year Plan, the Communist party has been virtually forcing writers to turn out that kind of stuff. Needless to say, most of the 'production literatures' is hopeless trash. Obligatory pathos over the 'building of socialism' has emasculated even some of the best Soviet authors." Ehrenbourg, it happens, is "one of the felicitous exceptions." "Mr. Ehrenbourg," Nazaroff continues, "does not shut his eyes to the dark side of Russia's life. . . . And yet (it is here that the obligatory didactic element common to all production novels lies) the author stresses time and again that this—and this alone—is 'real life.'" (Mr. Nazaroff wields a wicked quotation mark.) "Some of his heroes," the analysis continues, "pronounce long and bombastic speeches on socialism and the 'new life.' . . . Do such speeches outweigh the hideous reality which Mr. Ehrenbourg himself has painted? No. Artistically, the latter are more convincing than the former."

Mr. Nazaroff, you perceive, is nothing if not an esthetician. The struggles of Kolka and his comrade shock-workers are not heroic; they are merely hideous. There is nothing, according to him, in the book that shows the satisfactions and the achievements of these heroes; there are merely "long and bombastic speeches." Having thus misrepresented the novel, he can render judgment. What he means is, "I thoroughly enjoyed every indication of the hardships of the Russian workers, for such indications nourished my hope that socialist construction will fail, and I deliberately ignored all evidence of success, for the possibility of success is too painful to contemplate." Being an esthetician, he puts it, "Artistically, the latter are more convincing than the former."

But Mr. Nazaroff's esthetics is not so rigorously logical as it might be. Reviewing *And Quiet Flows the Don* (July 15, 1934), he neglected to point out how, in a country where "the Communist party has been virtually forcing writers to turn out" production literature, Sholokhov has somehow managed to finish a trilogy that has nothing to do with construction. And there is a further mystery that Mr. Nazaroff neglects to explain. "The Soviet critics have justly pointed out that, for instance, Bunchuk, a Communist officer carrying on propaganda among the Cossack troops at the front . . . is a sheer abstraction. . . . The Soviet critics are right in that, too, the White officers figuring in the novel are far more alive than those just mentioned pasteboard figures." Mr. Nazaroff finds consolation in the book, you see, even though he is painfully obliged to agree with Soviet critics. But he also says, "It has sold more than 1,000,000 copies in Russia and Soviet critics have praised it to the skies (this in a country where libraries buy books and critics form their judgment by order of the ruling party.)" The Soviet critics, according to Mr. Nazaroff, were smart enough to see that the book was not effective propaganda for Communism, and yet, though they could easily have buried the novel and presumably sent Sholokhov to Siberia, they praised it to the skies, and horsewhipped a million people into buying copies.

Mr. Nazaroff, though he is the principal medium through which Section Five permits its million or more readers to learn about Soviet literature, seems far more at home with the achievements of the emigrés than with what is happening in Russia today. Perhaps the brightest moment in what must be a rather dreary life came last fall when Ivan Bunin was awarded the Nobel prize. Mr. Nazaroff immediately composed a long article, fully setting forth the reasons for his passionate admiration of the emigré. Bunin, he observes, "never conceals the profound contempt with which he regards the authors of 'the great Soviet experiment.' . . . Indeed, those who, in the interpretation of other people's psychology can see only selfish motives may ascribe Bunin's anti-Sovietism to his 'class feeling.' Only those, however, who know him very little can accept this explanation. He loves Russia—both the noble and the peasant Russia alike — too organically to look with bland complacence at its transformation into a laboratory for experimentation. . . . To him Sovietization means only the bestialization of Russia."

Of course Nazaroff felt warmly about Bunin's *The Well of Days* (February 25, 1934), and predicted that it would survive "not only in the Russian, but also in world literature, as an example of consummate and highly original art." Other reviewers, you may recall, were not so enthusiastic. Indeed, Nazaroff's enthusiasm was matched only by the lush and almost inarticulate rejoicings of Eveline S. (Mrs. J. Donald) Adams in the Saturday Review (Feb. 17, 1934).

Bunin is, of course, the great consolation of the White Guard of Section Five, and Nazaroff wrote of him once more with tenderness in the issue of August 19; but there are others. John Cournos, for example, found much cause for satisfaction in Nicholas Berdyaev's *The End of Our Time* (Oct. 29, 1933), and Mr. Nazaroff devoted several columns (May 20, 1934) to V. Sirin. And there is the anti-Soviet literature of other countries. Kuhnelt-Leddihn's trashy melodrama of Catholic espionage in Russia, *The Gates of Hell,* is, according to an anonymous reviewer (July 22, 1934), "a remarkable production," "an inspired clerical tract against atheism," and "a considerable achievement." And another anonymous reviewer (March 11, 1934) contemplated calmly another bit of melodramatic tripe, James Hilton's *Without Armor,* and could find no ground for criticism except that it was not rabid enough in its depiction of the revolutionary period, "the most abysmal chaos into which humanity has ever plunged itself."

The Art of Politics

THE beauties of Times impartiality become apparent when we leave the subject of the Soviet Union. Look, for example, at William MacDonald's review of Spengler's *The Hour of Decision,* a very long review on the front page (Feb. 11, 1934). Mr. MacDonald gives a detailed summary, without a word of criticism or objection. Presumably so ardent a liberal, a former member of the staff of the Nation, is brutally shocked by the coarse reactionary diatribe, but he preserves the judicial calm appropriate to Section Five.

But look at Mr. MacDonald's review of John Strachey's *Menace of Fascism* (Oct. 1, 1933). Again we find a long and careful summary, but somehow Strachey's errors demand, as Herr Spengler's do not, a paragraph of correction:

> Mr. Strachey's book will perhaps afford some comfort to those who still affect to believe that a socialized state, in the uncompromising form in which he visualizes it, as the ideal to which a civilized society should aspire, but it will not deeply stir anyone else. . . . There is no sufficient ground for assuming that a corporative state means the degradation of the workers, and none at all for thinking that a proletarian dictatorship would be more terrible or beneficent than the dictatorship of a relatively small governing group.

The Times also managed to find an impartial reviewer for Hitler's ***My Battle.*** Ex-ambassador James W. Gerard appears (Oct. 8, 1933) as the goddess of justice, and carefully holds the scales in which he weighs the good and the bad of the Hitler regime:

> Hitler is doing much for Germany; his unification of the Germans, his destruction of communism, his training of the young, his creation of a Spartan State animated by patriotism, his curbing of parliamentary government so unsuited to the German character, his protection of the right of private property are all good; and, after all, what the Germans do in their own territory is their own business, except for one thing —the persecution and practical expulsion of the Jews.

Mr. Gerard's efforts are neatly complemented by Walter Littlefield's review of *Hitler Over Europe* (July 22, 1934). Headlines help the reader to approach the review in the correct frame of mind: "A Violent Vision of Hitlerism Spreading Over Europe," and "'Ernst Henri's' Panicky Volume Holds out the Offer of Communism as the Only Possible Alternative." The review coyly begins, "The torch which Stalin was expediently suffering to become an ember has now been snatched from his grasp and blown into a terrifying flame." It ends,

> The phrase "Socialist revolution" will deceive none who has read his book. I have abundantly indicated, here and elsewhere, that the case of Germany is rather more psycopathic than political. With due consideration for his erudite com-

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munistic propaganda, this also seems to be the case of Ernst Henri. This said, we freely admit his unusual gift for furnishing entertainment—just as we do that of the late Freiherr von Munchausen.

What Times impartiality can rise to, when Fascism is concerned, becomes fully apparent in Dino Ferrari's review of Fausto Pitigliani's *The Italian Corporative State* (May 13, 1934). Mr. Ferrari, who is Section Five's expert on Italian literature and Italian affairs, is a pleasant running-mate for the Czarists and renegades. The review begins:

> If dubious Communists, along with sensation-mongers, could be induced to see "things" as they are instead of through red lenses, no doubt many foolish statements and half-truths would be spared us—such as Mr. John Strachey's astonishing assertion, in his biased review of the English edition of Signor Pitigliani's book in The Nation (Oct. 18, 1933) that the "Italian Corporative State" exists only on "paper."
>
> Up to a certain point, Mr. Strachey's contention may be valid. Obviously a new order of society cannot be created overnight. Even the most rabid disciples of Marx and Lenin must admit that, at least in practice, whatever good there may be in Marxian theory, the Soviets' moguls have not been averse to a bit of political back-sliding. . . .
>
> The truth of the matter would seem to be that the Italian Corporative State has probably gone further in matching theory with practice, and with infinitely less bungling and human suffering, than the Soviets' counterpart or any other revolutionary movement in history. Who knows but future events may prove the modified syndicalism of Sorel and the social realism of Pareto right, and windy dialectics—just what they are?

Although I have tried, in quoting from the Times, not to emphasize the obvious, I think it wise to call attention to such phrases as "dubious Communists," "sensation-mongers," "Soviets' moguls," and "windy dialectics." Mr. Ferrari's review is precisely the kind of review that Section Five is supposed to avoid. In the first place, it is an open avowal of Fascism. In the second place, it is an irrelevant and vituperatively personal attack upon a writer. In the third place, there is not one word of evidence in the whole review to show that the Italian Corporative State does exist anywhere but on paper; we merely have Mr. Ferrari's word for it that Pitigliani's book is "an impartial, thorough exposition." It is a review that, I believe, no other magazine in America, except those openly espousing Italian Fascism, would have printed.

A White Guard by Marriage

ALTHOUGH I have no illusions about the nature and role of capitalist newspapers, including the Times, I think it is perfectly obvious that the policy of Section Five with regard to Russia is more insidious and vicious than that of the Times' news columns. What is the ultimate cause of this I do not know. I do know that the Times was once as rabid in its news columns as it is now in its literary supplement. It may be that, once the New Republic (Aug. 4, 1920) had exposed the crimes of the Times, a simple policy of misinformation was bound to defeat its own ends. To restore confidence it was essential to print news dispatches that were at least plausible, even though that meant making them occasionally favorable. Then, with a reputation established for reliability, it was possible to carry on a subtler campaign of misrepresentation and slander, under the guise of esthetic impartiality, in the book review section.

If some such policy determines the nature of Section Five, which one assumes is not merely the result of the prejudices of the particular man who edits it, the fitness of the editor for his role is unmistakable. James Donald Adams, who is forty-three years old, graduated from Harvard in 1913. After a brief period as a teacher in the West, he became a reporter, and, except for an interval during the war, has worked on newspapers ever since. After working in various provincial cities, he joined the staff of the New York Sun and Herald in 1920. In 1924 he became assistant editor and in 1925 editor of Section Five. The only other important information concerning him that can be found in *Who's Who* is that in 1921 he married Eveline Georgievna Simeon "of Petrograd, Russia."

The effect on a naturally reactionary temperament of marriage to a Russian emigré is permanent something to think about. One can readily see the Adams household becoming the center of the intellectual White Guards of New York City. The Nazaroffs, the Koiranskys, and the Nikolaieffs rub elbows with the renegade Strunskys and the Socialist Shaplens, perhaps against a background of grand dukes and generals. Mr. Adams, possibly aided by instructions from above, possibly merely persuaded by the company he keeps, begins to see his duty clear. And Section Five becomes the major instrument in the United States of anti-Soviet propaganda.

During the greater part of his decade with Section Five Mr. Adams has done his part by his judicious choice of reviewers. There is nothing, after all, to indicate any particular equipment on his part for criticism. He was hired, presumably, as a reporter and editor, not as a critic. But within the last year—perhaps because of a reduction in the Section Five budget—he has been writing more reviews, and evidently he has begun to fancy himself as an authority on literature.

The more Mr. Adams writes, the more fantastic it seems that he should be editing a literary review with a circulation of three-quarters of a million. He reached his highest point to date on the front page of the issue of May 20. Instead of entrusting *Escape from the Soviets* and *Winter in Moscow* to Strunsky or Shaplen or Nazaroff—anyone of whom is considerably more adept in the subtler forms of slander—he took on the job himself. The result has been analyzed by Joseph Freeman in THE NEW MASSES for June 5, and there is nothing for me to add. Mr. Adams has surely been made an honorary member of all the White Guard societies there are, and no doubt Mrs. Adams is very happy that her husband has made good.

But Mr. Adams does not limit himself to anti-Soviet propaganda. He has also set himself up as the last great bulwark of rugged individualism. When the Saturday Review of Literature wanted someone to answer Bernard Smith's discussion of the critics of the middle generation, J. Donald Adams was chosen to champion the lost cause. In the course of his article he wrote a paragraph that I think remains unparalleled for sheer effrontery and complete disregard of even bourgeois standards of decency:

> For some of us the philosophy of communism has no appeal because it is a negative philosophy, rooted in hatred, because it holds up a cowardly way of life as the good life. Its most emphasized promise to its adherents is the promise of material security. Is security the most precious prize for which human beings may strive? Is the quest of it the utmost measure of man's courage and aspiration? And is its attainment worth the sacrifice of those satisfactions which can sometimes be had only at the price of insecurity? It is a poor half-loaf the Marxists offer us, nor have we yet reached the point where they can tell us that half a loaf is better than none.

If some self-reliant anarchist, living in Thoreauvian solitude and poverty, uttered such words, I should disagree, but I should respect him. When Mr. Adams, living on a fat salary paid him for his ingenuity in catching publishers' advertising, says them, contempt seems an inadequate emotion. I should like to know what price, in terms of insecurity, Mr. Adams has ever paid for his satisfactions.

Imagine it; Mr. Adams sits smug and happy in his Times office or his White Guard home, and talks to Communists about cowardice and security.

This is the man who proposes to stem the tide of revolutionary literature. His article in the Saturday Review and his review of the two anti-Soviet books had at least the merit of being open attacks. Back-stabbing methods are more natural to him. He waited, for example, two months before reviewing my book, *The Great Tradition,* and then devoted to it less space than the Times ordinarily devotes to a novel by Elinor Glyn (Nov. 19, 1933). In his review of *The Mother* (Jan. 14, 1934) he introduced a line about "the difference between Mrs. Buck and a proletarian critic being that Mrs. Buck sees with two eyes instead of one with a blinder over it." He interrupted his review of *The Unpossessed* (May 20, 1934) to say: "Russian intellectuals, Miss Slesinger, no longer exist as such; the remnants are scattered over the world or concentrated in the penal camps of Siberia and the Arctic." The next week, re-

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viewing *The Lost Generation,* he took the opportunity to lecture Malcolm Cowley:

> What is it the workers have won in Russia: the right to be slaves in a regimented State, to enjoy a standard of living below that they enjoyed before the war? And the intellectuals—Mr. Cowley can learn, if he will, what they have won from Tatiana Tchernavin's *Escape from the Soviets,* reviewed in these columns last Sunday. And he can learn what writers in particular have won from Max Eastman's *Artists in Uniform.*

A little later he cries: "Come out of your dream, Mr. Cowley; all but a fraction of the human race was born to be led, as Lenin well knew." And, to clinch the argument, he concludes, after quoting a poem by Cowley: "The man who can write lines as good as these should not be wasting himself in the promotion of class warfare and its concomitant hatreds."

Almost everything Mr. Adams says is, if you can forget his venomous intentions, rather funny; but he is most comical when he thinks he has found some positive literary achievement to oppose to the solid growth of the literature of revolution. A young man named Paul Engle, to be specific, has written a book of very sophomoric and imitative verse called *American Song.* This little volume, simply because it is nationalistic and "affirmative" and non-revolutionary, sent Mr. Adams off in spasms (July 29, 1934). He proclaimed it "a heartening book," and could recall no other "piece of writing of equal compass in which there is so strong a distillation of all that has gone into the making of the American land and the American people." In the course of the review Mr. Adams hinted that he had up his sleeve other poets of equal calibre, and we are eagerly waiting for him to produce them.

Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* also pleased Mr. Adams (Aug. 5, 1934). As he indicated in his address at a literary conference in the South last year, he has a great admiration for the Southern aristocracy, though his own origins are urban, and presumably he would have liked to marry a Virginia belle if he had not had the good fortune to meet a young lady from "Petrograd, Russia." In reviewing Mr. Young's book, he contrived to bring his two loves face to face:

> One is struck again, in reading this novel, by the many and deep-cut parallels which exist between the culture of the planter aristocracy of the Old South and that of the landed families of Imperial Russia. . . . Both built something precious out of "a great human wrong," something that almost removed life from the easy material plane on which it rested. Wiser men, perhaps, will find a better base on which to build.

The quotation marks around "a great human wrong" seem to me the finest accomplishment of Section Five impartiality.

Class War in Times Square

EVEN aside from the White Guard, Mr. Adams has an able staff of assistants, who do not need such an article as this to tell them how to write the kind of reviews that are fit to print in Section Five. There is, for example, Harold Strauss, who wrote the review of Robert Cantwell's *Land of Plenty* (April 29, 1934). Please recall once more the hundreds of mediocre novels that Times reviewers, Mr. Strauss included, review with that perfect impartiality that refuses to distinguish good from bad. Then look at the treatment *Land of Plenty* received. Mr. Strauss began by charging that Cantwell rewrote *Laugh and Lie Down* at the request of his publishers, a charge that according to Cantwell, Strauss knew was false. This accusation, however, was merely introductory to a more serious one, that Cantwell had written *Land of Plenty* to please "a minority bloc of our critics." "That none of the characters emerge as human beings," Mr. Strauss summed up, "is the direct result of Cantwell's service to the Marxists and their essentially non-literary purpose." The word "service" is important, for Strauss subsequently, under fire from Cantwell, pretended he had said only that Cantwell "was subject to influences which no man of letters can wholly escape today."

Mr. Strauss acquitted himself so well in his review of *Land of Plenty* that he was given an important assignment, Max Eastman's *Artists in Uniform* (May 13, 1934). Though Mr. Strauss knows no Russian, and has never given any evidence of familiarity even with the Soviet literature that exists in translation, he did not hesitate, despite an elaborate pretense of explaining Eastman's biases, to accept and endorse everything Eastman says about the Russian literary situation. His chief concern, however, was to make the best possible use of the weapon with which Eastman had so kindly provided him:

> At this moment there is a certain radical snobbism in the air which dictates the writing of proletarian novels and poetry upon aspiring intellectuals. There is, as yet, despite Granville Hicks, Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley, no systematic regimentation of American writers. But there are certain critics, to whom large space in print is available, whose interests are more economic, or at least social, than literary. By their mere ballyhoo of the least worthy "proletarian novel," they are urging young writers uncritically toward a barren tendentious technique.
>
> Into this mass of misdirected purpose Eastman has plunged with wit, intelligence, and good common sense.

Other reviewers are also deeply concerned with the dangers of "radical snobbism." In the issue of October 29, 1933, for example, we find R. L. Duffus seizing upon and praising the passages in Orton's *America in Search of Culture* that attack Marxian criticism, and Peter Monro Jack hailing the anti-Communist chapters of Hazlitt's *Anatomy of Criticism.* Mr. Jack is also, by the way, an authority on Soviet literature. He ended his review of the Reavey and Slocum anthology (April 22, 1934) by saying: "Much more important than any such statement is the tolerance now being granted writers. Literacy is recognized as being important to literature; at the least as important as political convictions; and it is realized that good fiction is something other than an ordered report—and sometimes an ordered whitewashing—of Soviet conditions." Apparently Mr. Jack had not received the latest revelations from Max Eastman. Apparently also he did not recall that *Time, Forward!* which he praised in the issue of November 5, was written at the height of the "oppression."

As for Mr. Duffus, he has perfect manners and a suave style. Observe, for example, his review of *In All Countries* (May 6, 1934). John Dos Passos is, of course, too successful an author to be flatly damned. So Mr. Duffus jocosely begins: "Mr. John Dos Passos . . . seems to have been animated by two impulses: a profound sympathy for the oppressed and a hatred for hyphens." He toys with Dos Passos' strange compounds for a time, and then he goes on to say one or two nice things about the book. But he sums up: "Mr. Dos Passos, in short, is a radical and these sketches are primarily radical propaganda. . . . His intellectual dice are loaded. . . . He sees the world through doctrinal spectacles." With the same suavity he points out (June 24, 1934) that Malraux's *Man's Fate* is not revolutionary, and makes the best of his opportunity to deliver himself on the subject of proletarian literature, which, he finds, is unfortunately making progress in these parlous times.

No Section Five reviewer would think of praising a revolutionary novel without insisting that it was exceptional. Margaret Wallace, for example, felt safe in commending Jack Conroy's *The Disinherited* (Nov. 26, 1933) after she had devoted a paragraph to proving it was not propaganda. And even Louis Kronenberger, though his praise of *The Shadow Before* (March 18, 1934) was warm enough, found it necessary to imply that all other strike novels were clumsy distortions: "For if this book openly protests, if by being partisan it is also in a sense propagandist, it achieves its effect, not through clumsy wish-fulfillments, violent invective and perfervid exhortation, but through an honest and convincing portrayal of people and events."

Mr. Adams, one would say, knows what he wants, and so do his reviewers. Of course Section Five reviewers do not follow a "rigid formula" like the poor Soviet critics, nor "form their judgments by order of the ruling party," but they do manage to achieve a striking homogeneity of opinion none the less. In the issue of February 25, 1934, for example, an issue in which there is commendation for such novels as G. B. Stern's *Summer's Play,* Anne Green's *Fools Rush In,* and Ethel Turner's *One Way Ticket,* there happen to be six

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reviews that touch on Communism. An anonymous reviewer wholeheartedly and unqualifiedly d a m n s Arnold Armstrong's *Parched Earth.* Jane Spence Southron begins her review of Marvin Sutton's *Children of Eve* by saying "Here is a proletarian novel entirely free from bias, animus, or exaggeration," by which she means that it is non-revolutionary and hence confused and inconclusive and hence to be praised. An anonymous reviewer, perhaps Percy Hutchinson, who by actual count has praised more books of bad poetry than any other living human being, dismisses Robert Gessner's *Upsurge* in sixty lines, more than half of them facetious. Harold Strauss, reviewing *On the Shore,* says Halper is too honest to be a Marxist. And Rose Field, who thought (March 25, 1934) *Rebel America* must be fair because Lillian Symes attacks Communism, says Horace Davis, in *Labor and Steel,* "evaluates life in terms of one dimension."

All in all, Section Five contrives to be astonishingly consistent. There are few lapses. *The Cannery Boat,* a collection of Japanese revolutionary short stories, produces the usual diatribe against proletarian literature (Dec. 3, 1933); Traven's *The Death Ship* is described (Apr. 29, 1934) as "original" but "preposterous"; and Guy Endore's *Babouk* is anonymously characterized (Sept. 9, 1934) as "a somewhat hysterical piece of special pleading." Owen Lattimore condescendingly praises Agnes Smedley's *Chinese Destinies* because it deals with a little-known subject, but he says the author "lacks insight" and her book "is a long way from the whole truth" (Dec. 10, 1933). And he refers to it later (June 24, 1934) to say that it is "weakened by the shrillness of zealotry." The same reviewer finds less fault with General Yakhontoff's *The Chinese Soviets* (Aug. 19, 1934); but the review is captioned, on the strength of a few minor corrections, "General Yakhontoff's Survey of the Chinese Soviets Is a Useful if Not Completely Reliable Guide to the Situation."

It is instructive to observe how different from the treatment of Communist books is the handling of Socialist volumes. Hillquit's autobiography produces a eulogy from Joseph P. Pollard (Apr. 22, 1934). Norman Thomas' *The Choice Before Us,* according to Louis Rich (Apr. 1, 1934), is "a clear and persuasive statement." Joseph Shaplen objects to G. D. H. Cole's revision of Marx only because it does not go far enough in the direction of Kautsky and Bernstein (June 3, 1934).

The reason for this attitude towards Socialism becomes altogether clear in Simeon Strunsky's review of *Socialism, Fascism, Communism,* a volume of which Shaplen was one of the editors. "Half a dozen writers," says Strunsky, "join with Kautsky in a symposium on the problems which beset socialism and the Socialist parties in the face of formidable competition from Fascism on the right and Communism on the left. We hear nothing of the much older competition between socialism and capitalism. Events have brought the two together as allies in defense of democratic government and civil liberty." The lion and the lamb have lain down together—with the usual results for the lamb.

Counter-attack

THE case has been stated and proven up to the hilt. And now, what can we do about it?

We can present these facts to every reader of Section Five we can reach. We can say, "You read the Times literary supplement on the assumption that it gives you an unbiased summary of the new books. You see what the facts are. Section Five is the organ of the White Guard; it apologizes for Fascism; it discriminates against every writer suspected of having revolutionary sympathies. Its editor, moreover, is as incompetent as he is dishonest, and most of his reviewers are second-rate as well as biased. You are being cheated, and it is your duty to protest. You ought not to expect too much from any capitalist journal, but there is no reason why you should submit to the falsehoods and prejudices of a little clique of Czarist emigrés. The Herald-Tribune Books, for example, prints an honest review now and then, and why shouldn't Section Five? Let the editors of the Times know that you demand a change."

To such a protest from readers there could easily be added a protest from publishers. At the moment many companies are publishing revolutionary books, not because they have gone left but because they know a market when they see one. These publishers are being hurt by Section Five where they can be hurt—in their pocketbooks. At present they are too timid to buck the prejudices of Adams and his red squad, but they would be delighted to support a public protest. After all, we do not have Fascism in this country; even Section Five can carry on its campaign only under the guise of defending liberty and democracy; Mr. Adams might well be given an opportunity to enjoy the satisfactions of insecurity.

But our strongest weapon is simply the exposure of Section Five's duplicity and viciousness.

Once even a few thousand of its readers realize how utterly and unscrupulously undependable it is, it will be forced to change its tactics, and the White Guard will have to do their sniping from some other fortress.

Limbach

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New Women in Old Asia

JOSHUA KUNITZ

TO a Westerner traveling in the Orient, one of the most haunting experiences is, no doubt, his first encounter with those strangely amorphous, ghost-like creatures that glide, silent and mysterious, through the narrowly-winding, deserted alleys of any Central-Asian town or village. The experience is even more ghastly if one chances upon such a figure while it is at rest —a gray or dark-blue coffin standing stiffly on end, covered with a black, bulging, heavy lid.

These are the women of Central Asia, vestiges of a remote past, living corpses eternally imprisoned in their coffins. It is difficult to imagine anything quite so monstrous and degrading as this traditional costume *(paranja),* this formless cloak with its long, wide, empty sleeves tied on the back, and its thick, black, horse-hair net suspended in front of the face, from the top of the head to a little below the waist. This is how the local Moslem, still untouched by Communist teaching, protects his woman from the impure glances of the stranger. The woman can see the world, but the world cannot see her. Even little girls of nine or ten are thus protected from immodest appraisals of their pulchritude. This custom is rigid, absolute. The emotional ramparts built around it by vested economic interest and religion are well nigh insurmountable. Despite Bolshevik onslaughts, they have held out in the more inaccessible regions and even in such cities as Tashkent and Samarkand.

It is almost impossible to snap a picture of a native woman. The slightest suspicious move on your part, and she flees as if pursued by a thousand devils. More than once our cavalcade, on espying women working in the fields, would begin to load the cameras, only to have the women drop precipitously to the ground and cover themselves with whatever they could lay hands on. Not before they heard the clatter of our horses' hoofs die away in the distance would they venture to peep out from under their covers.

Besides being offensive to the eye, the *paranja* is irritating to the olfactory sense. It always emanates a faint odor of perspiration commingled with that of mutton. Generally, it is filthy and insect ridden, and is the cause of multifarious eye and skin diseases. It shuts from the woman and her suckling babe the benefits of sunshine and fresh air, and is accountable, in large measure, for the prevalence of lung-trouble among the women and for the stunted growth of the children.

What makes the *paranja* especially significant is that it serves as a symbol of the utter degradation and humiliation of the Moslem woman in Central Asia. "Obedience and silence are a woman's greatest virtues," says the Prophet. "If a Moslem is in need of good counsel," the Uzbeks say, "let him turn to his sire; if there is no sire, let him ask his older brother, or uncle, or neighbor; if there is no one of these about, let him consult his wife—and do exactly the opposite of what she says." Contempt for the woman seems to be one of the most sacred articles of a Central Asian's faith.

Boys are a blessing in a home; girls a curse. When too many girls are born into a family, it is the mother who is held responsible. (Childlessness and infant mortality are also blamed on the mother.) To congratulate a father on the birth of a daughter is a mortal insult and may entail a bitter family feud. I knew a woman in Tashkent, Mozol Kolontarov, who had given birth to six girls in succession. Mozol felt terribly guilty before her husband. After an interval of seven years, she had another opportunity to redeem herself. Frantic with fear and misgiving, she kept on reiterating that she would much rather die than have another girl. Fate was unkind to her; she bore a girl once more. When she beheld the newly born infant, Mozol died of grief.

According to both the common law code *(adat)* and the religious code *(sheriat),* a woman may be bought and sold and transferred from one man to another without herself being in any way consulted. According to the *sheriat,* the husband has a right to punish his wife's disobedience by keeping her incarcerated in the house and by discreet use of corporal punishment. Cruelty, torture, and even maiming are not sufficient grounds for divorce. According to the old law, the testimony of one man is equivalent to that of two women. The woman is rarely permitted to leave her home without a male escort. While at home, she is confined to the *ichkari* —woman's section of the house—where she remains whenever her husband entertains visitors in the man's section. In the street, a woman dare not stop, or cough, or linger, or look back; she must just keep on walking. Polygamy, child marriages, and purchases of brides *(kalym)* are all essential features of woman's status in Central Asia. She is a chattel, a slave.

Yet there is evidence—often cited by the emancipated Tadjiks and Uzbeks — that the woman had not always occupied such an abject place in the social scheme of these peoples. Numerous legends and myths preserved by some Tadjik mountain tribes make mention of heroic women and of brave and wise female rulers. There is the story of Queen Tamiris, of how she and her nomadic subjects had won a mighty victory over the great Persian ruler Cyrus. There is the memory of Queen Khatun, the wise ruler of Bokhara, who reigned during the troublous years of the early Arab invasions of Central Asia.

It was, indeed, with the coming of the Arabs and the gradual triumph of Islam that the position of the woman among the Aryan aborigines of what is now known as Tadjikistan began to decline, less rapidly among the nomads in the steppes and the peasants in the mountains, where the woman was an important economic factor in the family organization; more rapidly among the settled urban population—merchants, mullahs, officials, etc. —where the woman was economically unimportant and where the influence of the Mohammedan religion had taken firmer root.

This process continued during and after the Tiurko-Mongolian invasion. However, originally, that is before they surrendered to Moslem influences, the Tiurko-Mongolian nomads, too, had known of no special disabilities for women. Like the Aryan folklore, Tiurkish folklore has references to heroic women. There is the legend, for instance, of a detachment of female warriors who had fought a valiant battle on the walls of Geok-Teppe. Also there is the beautiful Tiurkish legend about the woman musician Khelai-Bakhshi who had triumphed over all her male rivals, especially the celebrated musician Ker-Kejali who had challenged her to a contest. Khelai-Bakhshi was with child then. Her labor pains were about to begin. But she accepted the challenge of Ker-Kejali. The unusual contest lasted a long time. When midnight came, Khelai-Bakshi turned to her husband, asking him what he preferred, a child or victory. "Victory," said the husband unhesitatingly. Then Khelai-Bakshi excused herself for a little while. She gave birth to her child, handed it over to her relatives, and came back to proceed with the contest. She beat the old and famous Ker-Kejali, and he rode away with lowered head.

Survivals

IT WAS toward evening, after our customary visits to the schools, cooperative, the orphanage, the primitive silk works, and the other interesting places in the village, that our group, while lounging on the huge woolen rug and pile of blankets spread out under the magnificent plane tree on the side of a pool and sipping interminably the inevitable tea from capacious *pialas,* induced our hostess, the organizer of the local Woman's Department, to tell us a little of her life. Prompted and guided by our questions, occasionally interrupted and put back on the right track, Khoziat Markulanova told us her story.

She was born in Fergana. Her father was

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a weaver, and a devout and honest Moslem. Her mother was of peasant stock. From her earliest childhood, Khoziat, her two sisters and her mother were working at embroidering skull caps. Her two brothers were bakers. Hers was an industrious, hard-working family.

When Khoziat was eight years old, her mother made her a little *paranja.* Khoziat cried and refused to put it on. But her mother said that she was too pretty and that if she didn't go covered the Beg's procurers would grab her. Khoziat did not know what that meant, but she had heard so many stories of how little girls died in the Beg's palace that she was glad to put on the *paranja.*

When Khoziat reached the age of fourteen, her mother began to be worried. Most of her daughter's former friends were already married. Marriage now began to be discussed in Khoziat's presence. Once, her father, looking very pleased, marched into the *ichkari* and whispered something to her mother. Khoziat did not know what he said, but she had a feeling that it was about marriage. Her heart sank, as she was terribly afraid of being given to an old man. Pretending to be busy with the dishes, she strained to make out what was being said. She heard her mother ask: "Have they anything?" and her father answer: "Not rich, but have something." Her mother nodded assent.

What happened was this: The village *imaum* and Ali Nazarov had come to feel out the old Markulanov as to what his attitude might be with regard to a match between his daughter and Nazarov's nephew. Upon receiving a tentatively favorable reply, the suitor's older sister, together with a woman neighbor, came to interview Khoziat's mother. They brought the traditional bread and a couple of kerchiefs as presents.

On the third day, the *imaum* and Ali Nazarov paid Markulanov another visit. Now the *kalym* — the price — had to be discussed. After arduous haggling on both sides, it was finally agreed that her father was to receive two rams, 160 pounds of rice, one cow—to compensate for the milk Khoziat had been fed — two donkey-loads of fuel, and three quilts. The cow was never delivered.

After that Khoziat's mother sent some more gifts to the suitor whom neither she nor her daughter had ever seen. Three weeks passed between the engagement and the wedding. On the day of the wedding, people began to crowd the bride's house from early morning. Everything was in a turmoil. Elaborate preparations were being made. A ram was slain. Pilaf was being cooked in the yard. All kinds of vegetables and fruits were being piled up—radishes, cucumbers, scallions, eggplants, apricots, pistachio nuts, and mellons and grapes. During all that time Khoziat sat in the *ichkari,* nervous, worried, but also a little glad that she was the cause of all that hubbub.

Soon Khoziat's mother came in and said that the Mullah had arrived. She then assisted Khoziat with the *paranja,* and led her close to the door. On the other side of the shut door the Mullah began to chant his prayers. Then he cried out in a loud voice, so Khoziat might hear on her side of the door: "Khoziat, do you consent to take this man as your husband?" He repeated the question three times. Khoziat did not know what to say, until prompted by her mother: "Hai" (yes).

After the ceremony, Khoziat's mother and some other women spread many rugs and quilts on the floor of the *ichkari.* The great moment was approaching. Khoziat was to meet her husband for the first time. While she and her friends, all in *paranjas,* were huddled in a corner of the room, two young fellows, in bright turbans, brought in the bridegroom. A robe was thrown over his head. His escorts helped him sit down on the quilt and retired in silence. Khoziat's mother, aunts, and neighbors then surrounded her and, leading her over to the bridegroom, seated her next to him. Then everybody began to withdraw from the room. Khoziat's girl friends were sobbing: "You are leaving us. Don't forget us!"

They sat near each other, their faces covered, scarcely daring to move, petrified with fear and embarrassment. All of a sudden the house became very quiet. Khoziat could hear the gurgling of the stream outside and the rustling of the poplars. Her husband moved a little closer to her. She heard his heart beat. Finally he removed her *paranja,* and uncovered his own face. Khoziat did not dare raise her eyes. After a little while, she

Louis Lozowick

WOMAN IN VEIL, TAJIKISTAN

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glanced at him furtively. He was pleasing to look at. She felt a great gladness in her heart. Then their eyes met. He smiled at her and to reassure her he put a cushion under his head and shut his eyes. Khoziat was fortunate—he was kind and delicate. She too shut her eyes. They slept like brother and sister. The oil lamp burned all night.

Khoziat and Khadza lived together for about six months. Then Khadza left for Tashkent to work on a cotton plantation. He died soon after. Khadza's death was a terrible blow to Khoziat, for she had come to love Khadza and appreciate his gentleness. She then returned to her parents.

Echoes of the revolution finally reached Khoziat's village. There were rumors of fights and battles in the surrounding hills. Then a band of counter-revolutionary guerillas appeared. The village was terrorized. Markulanov and many other workers were killed. It was whispered that the bandits had sent out agents to look for pretty women. Khoziat's uncle heard it in the *chai-khana* (tea room) and he hurried to Khoziat's house that night and he brought his daughter with him and insisted that the girls must be hidden. Khoziat and her cousin dressed up like old women, padding their backs with heaps of cotton, and, accompanied by Khoziat's mother, they fled that night to Kokand.

The refugees walked two days and two nights before they reached their destination. In Kokand they had neither relatives nor acquaintances, but it was a big city and they felt safer there. Khoziat's mother then decided to hide the girls in the household of the famous local *ishan* Rokharatub, who consented to take them in as servants. Striking his long, carefully combed beard and rolling his clever little eyes to heaven, the *ishan* said: "The flesh is ours, the bone is yours." By which he meant to say: "While they live, they work for me; if they die, they belong to you."

The *ishan's* household was a busy household. Many *miurids* (followers of an *ishan)* came to visit the holy man, bringing all kinds of gifts in meats, fruits, vegetables, and so on. Every night the *ishan,* surrounded by his *miurids,* sat on a mountain of quilts, ate fat *pilaf,* and recited the *Koran.* For him and his fanatical *miurids* every night was a feast night. But for the women in the household it was endless drudgery—cooking, and baking, and cleaning, and washing dishes from early morning till late at night. The girls received no pay; they weren't even given any clothes. They ate only the left-overs, and were chased and hounded by the *ishan's* two senior wives. Every night Khoziat and her cousin would shed furtive tears on their pillows.

After a few months, the *ishan* gave Khoziat's pretty cousin to one of his old *miurids,* Hokim Saidov, who had only one wife. The girl was afraid to refuse, though she hated the sight of Saidov. A few months later, Khoziat's uncle came and brought her regards from her mother. His daughter whom he also visited implored him to take her away from Saidov. But the uncle said it was bad this way and it was bad the other way. But he thought that Saidov was the lesser of the two evils, and he said that he couldn't take his daughter back before it was all over with the Basmach bandits.

WOMAN UNVEILED, TAJIKISTAN — *Louis Lozowick*

Vague rumors would sometimes penetrate the walls of the *ichkari;* Khoziat heard the old women curse the infidels, the Russians, the "Bolshevois." One day there was a great commotion in the *ichkari;* someone brought the news that he had seen a whole group of young Moslem women strutting brazenly through the street with their faces uncovered, like shameless harlots. The only one who did not appear to be outraged was the *ishan's* youngest wife, a pale little creature not much older than Khoziat. She, poor thing, had had a sad life, with the older women always jealous of her, and always picking on her, and gossiping about her. She was wasting away very fast, coughing up blood all the time. Maybe she was dreaming of a happier life, of freedom, when she heard all those rumors that came from the outside world. That day she became so excited that she coughed more than ever, and had to be put to bed. The *ishan* had a consultation with a *tabib* (healer), and they decided that the best cure in such cases was a broth made of green frogs, which was to be given to the patient secretly for seven days in succession.

One of the old woman servants and Khoziat were then sent out to catch frogs. Tak-

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PIONEERS ON WAY TO SCHOOL, TAJIKISTAN — *Louis Lozowick*

ing a bag and iron pincers, they went to a distant pond in which green frogs were said to be plentiful. They had caught only a couple of them; so on the following day Khoziat went out by herself to hunt for frogs. As she approached Soviet Street, she saw something extraordinary happen. The street teemed with people. Red banners, and streamers, and placards gleamed and fluttered in the hot sun. A throng of women, mostly young, though there were a few middle aged and even old ones, many with faces uncovered, were parading along the street. There was a brass band playing unfamiliar music. The young people were singing strange songs. Occasionally, one would hear the voices of youngsters—"Down with the *paranja!* Long live the free women of Central Asia! Down with the Beys and the Mullahs! Long live the Soviet Government!"

This was new and fascinating. Poor Khoziat forgot all about the *ishan's* pallid wife and the green frogs, and, in a trance, followed the crowd. She watched the parading girls. They looked so free and gay and proud, and she longed to be with them, to be like them, to sing their songs, to hold their banners.

Then the women marched into a spacious courtyard, with many trees and rugs and teapots. The paraders arranged themselves in a huge circle. They sat under the shady trees, and drank *kok-choi* (green tea), and ate apples, and listened to speeches. The girls called out to the women standing in the throngs of lookers on to remove their *paranjas* and to join in the feast. Khoziat did not dare to remove her *paranja*. "I live with an *ishan,*" she thought. "If he ever learns about it, he'll kill me." But she did sidle up to the girls, and timidly sat down on the edge of the rug. The girl next to her handed her an apple, and called her *rafik* (comrade). Khoziat was happy.

She listened to the speeches. Most of what was said she did not understand. What she did finally grasp was that this was Woman's Day, a day to celebrate woman's freedom. And she believed the speakers, for their eyes looked honest.

Then a middle-aged woman, with ample bosom and mild eyes, got up to speak. "Ibrahimova," whispered the crowd, "the director of the Woman's Department." She spoke as a mother would speak to her children, quietly, gently, simply—so that everyone could understand. She wasn't a smooth speaker. She often stopped, and smiled a little guiltily, fumbling for the proper word. She spoke of the sorrows of the woman's life. Of ignorance, and darkness. Of how children die by the thousands because the mothers don't know how to take care of them. She spoke of the humiliation of wearing a *paranja.*

When Ibrahimova finished, Khoziat felt drawn to her, like to a mother. To her she could tell everything, of the terrible life at the *ishan's* and of her fear to go home. She sought out Ibrahimova in the crowd and anxiously touched her arm. She said only a few words and the older woman understood everything. "You have no one in Kokand? You are a widow? You live at the Ishan's? Don't worry, my little woman, don't tremble so. We'll take you to our girls' dormitory. We'll take care of you. We'll teach you; we'll train you; we'll make something of you."

Khoziat cried with happiness when she entered the girls' home on Karl Marx Street. She was taken into a nice, clean bathroom and shown how to use it. She was given clean underwear, European clothes, bed, quilt —everything.

On the very next day, Khoziat's teacher gave her the first lesson. Things came easy to her. In a couple of weeks, she knew how to read and write. She soon started arithmetic and elementary politgramota (civics). The girls used to have long talks with their teacher. She was a very intelligent woman, and one of the first woman Communists in Central Asia. Her name was Makhi Djamal Seifutdinova. She had seen a great deal in her life. She had been a woman's delegate in Samarkand and in Tashkent. And she had been a member of the first delegation to the First Congress of Eastern Women in Moscow. She often spoke of the life in the various big cities she had visited, and she very often spoke of Lenin. It was through Seifutdinova's conversations that the girls came to know and love Lenin. She described how well they had been received in Moscow, how Lenin and his wife, Krupskaya, came to visit them. On the sight of Lenin, one of the Uzbek women fell on his shoulder and began to cry, and she couldn't stop until they gave her some drops. Then Lenin conversed with the women, and told them what the Soviet Government was

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trying to do for them. Then Kollontai spoke to them. Then they were taken to museums, and theatres and factories. They stayed in Moscow twelve days.

Khoziat lived in the dormitory for nine months, and was very successful in her studies. She got encouragement on all sides. Among her teachers there was a young man by the name of Feizula. He was also the superintendent of the dormitory. He took a special interest in Khoziat and helped her a great deal. Once she had to fill out a questionnaire; and in helping her fill in the answers, Feizula learned much about her former life.

"Does your mother know about you, where you are?" he asked Khoziat. "Don't you think you are a little unkind to your mother? From what you tell me, she is a very good and kind woman. Don't you think we better notify her as to your whereabouts?"

Khoziat felt ashamed before Feizula for being so callous, but she said that she was afraid her mother and her uncle might take her away from the school, back to the village.

Still, Feizula, without consulting Khoziat, did write a letter to her mother. One afternoon — she was monitor that day — Khoziat was busy cleaning up one of the rooms. Suddenly she saw a veiled woman, followed by a little boy, crossing the threshold. "Are there no men around?" the woman asked in a low voice. "Not a soul, my good woman," replied Khoziat gaily. The woman uncovered her face. It was Khoziat's mother! And the little boy was her youngest brother. For the first few moments, both her mother and little brother, were so stunned by Khoziat's European outfit and bobbed hair that they couldn't utter a sound. It wasn't Khoziat. At any rate, it was not their Khoziat. She was a stranger. She looked like an infidel. And they both burst into tears. It was only after Khoziat rushed to them, and embraced them, and kissed them, and made them feel at home and welcome, that they became a little composed. Gradually, they got used to her alien appearance. It was their Khoziat after all! whom everyone in the village thought dead.

What happened was this: After Khoziat had vanished from the *ishan's* house, she had been searched for by her boss's servants all over Kokand. When no traces could be found of her, the *ishan* called in a fortune-teller who, after mumbling all kinds of strange words and pronouncing many queer prayers and invocations while casting little balls of cotton into a bowl of water, finally solved the mystery. "The light has gone out of Khoziat," she finally muttered. "A big man, a *kaffir,* a Bolshevoi abducted her while she was returning from the pond carrying the green frogs. He abducted her, then killed her, then threw her into the water."

Khoziat laughed at her mother and her fears, and called the *mullah* an old fool, and told her mother right then and there very definitely that she had not the least intention of going back to the village. Her mother was hurt, and Khoziat had to explain. She talked to her, and talked to her, and tried to convert her to a more modern point of view. She told her of Ibrahimova and Seifutdinova. She tried to explain to her the disgrace of wearing a *paranja.* She presented to her all the arguments that she had learned in favor of woman's emancipation. But the mother shook her head sadly, and told Khoziat that she wasn't convinced, that the Tadjiks had lived that way for centuries, and that she saw no good in breaking up everything, in destroying everything. "I can't go back to the village without you," she kept on saying. "Ah, Khoziat, Khoziat, what have you done to me and our family. You have disgraced us in the eyes of every good Moslem.

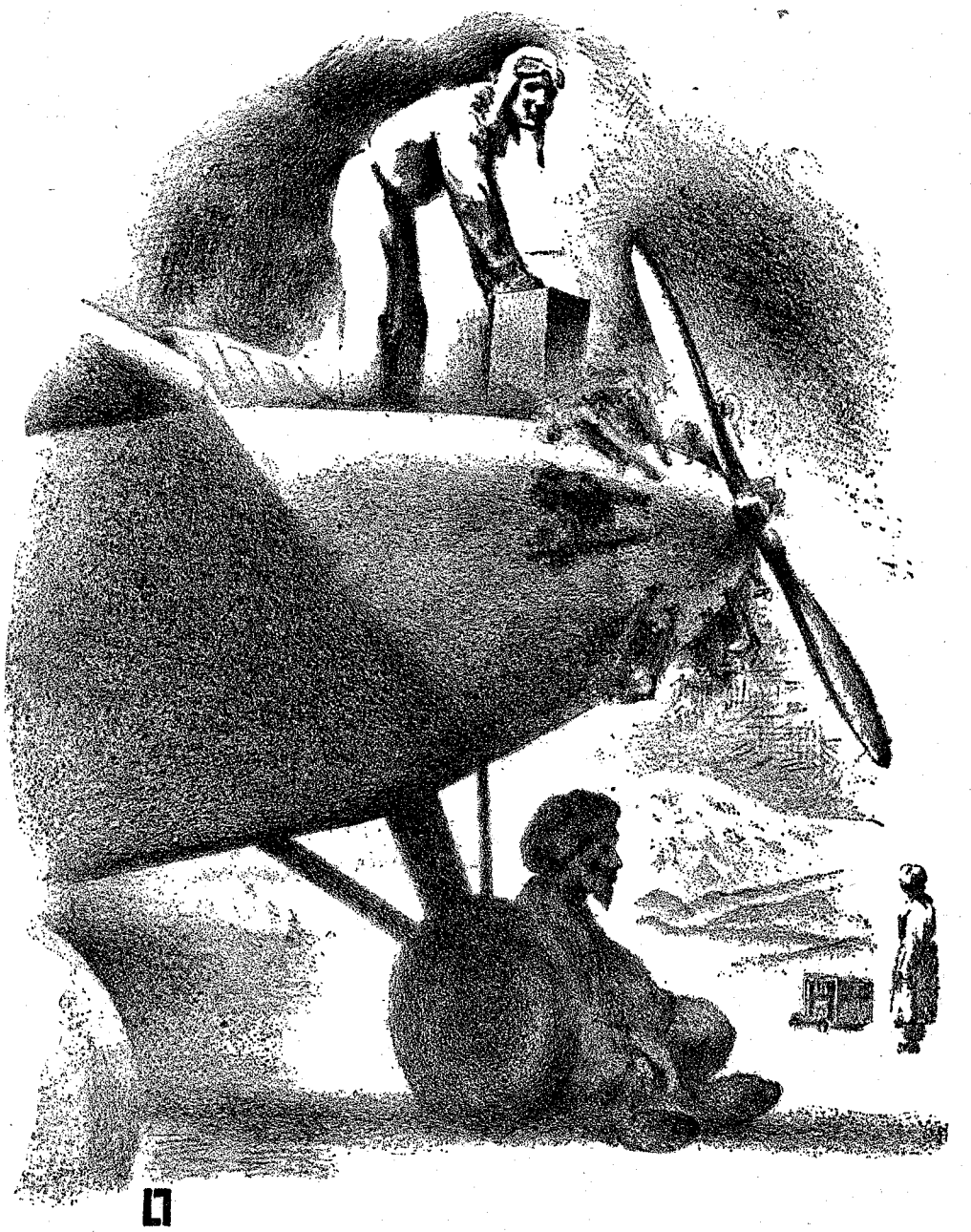
"Everybody will be pointing at me. I won't be able to look anybody straight in the eyes. If, Allah beware, I am in trouble, no one will help me. Ah, Khoziat, Khoziat . . ." Still, her resistance was a little broken. There was even a glimmer of pride in her eyes when Khoziat displayed her ability to read and write and make long additions and subtractions.

Later, the girls came in, and Feizula, and Seifutdinova, and were all very courteous and gentle with the mother. As to her, while she never said a thing to Khoziat, seeing all those nice people with whom her daughter was associated made her feel a little reassured.

When she was bidding farewell to Khoziat, she said, "Ah, my little daughter, if you only knew how I'm afraid to face our relatives and neighbors. I have learned much while I have stayed with you here, and I have thought that perhaps you young people are right after all. I don't know. But I am an old woman, Khoziat, and I am sorry I wasn't dead before all these new things have come to destroy the old life."

That was the last Khoziat saw of her mother. The old woman died soon afterward —a good, devoted, silent and obedient Moslem woman. Soon after Khoziat married, her husband who was a member of the Young Communist League, was transferred from Kokand to Tashkent, to study in the University. Khoziat went with him, to study in the Workers' Faculty. Here an altogether new life began for her. From now on her life became bound up with the Revolution.

(*The second half of this article will appear next week.*—THE EDITORS.)



AIRPORT, STALINABAD, TAJIKISTAN

Louis Lozowick

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Books of the Quarter

Man's Fate, by André Malraux. Smith & Haas. $2.50. A deeply moving novel of the Chinese revolution in 1927, written from the point of view of a pessimistic but intensely sympathetic observer. It must not, however, be taken as history, since on a number of vital points it is inaccurate and misleading. An article in the Daily Worker of September 8, by Doonping, corrects Malraux's inaccuracies.

A Chinese Testament: The Autobiography of Tan Shih-Hua, as told to S. Treitiakov. Simon & Schuster. $3. Another fine book about China, giving a rich and vivid picture of Chinese life and revolutionary activity.

Exile's Return, by Malcolm Cowley. Norton. $3. One of its ablest members tells why, in terms of American culture and its social bases, the lost generation was lost.

Labor Fact Book II. Prepared by the Labor Research Association. International Publishers. $.95. An invaluable handbook for those who want to know about the New Deal, Fascism, the labor movement, the farm situation, and radical activity in the United States.

Rock and Shell, by John Wheelwright. Bruce Humphries. $2.50. Poems that show a fine technique and a growth towards the revolutionary attitude.

Dialectical Materialism, by V. Adoratsky. International Publishers. $.50. A brief but brilliant introduction to the study of Marxist philosophy.

Property or Peace, by H. N. Brailsford. Covici-Friede. $3. What happens to the liberal mind when it catches a glimpse of the truth about capitalism.

With a Reckless Preface, by John Howard Lawson. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50. One rather good play and one rather bad one, together with some lively comments on the capitalist press and the possibilities of revolutionary drama.

The Berlin Diaries, edited by Herman Klotz. William Morrow. $2.75. A nauseating exposure, written by a Junker, of the role of the Socialist Democrats in Germany in paving the way for Hitler; an unpleasant but informing book.

And Quiet Flows the Don, by Mikhail Sholokhov. Knopf. $3. In the first volume of a splendid trilogy Sholokhov depicts the Don Cossacks in peace and war. Highly recommended.

Three Plays, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. The experiments of a talented novelist in the theatre.

The Road Leads On, by Knut Hamsun. Coward-McCann. $3. Mr. Hamsum describes, with his usual deliberate care, a nest of simple folk in Norway, with some attention to the impinging forces of the machine age.

Life and Teachings of V. I. Lenin, by R. Palme Dutt. International Publishers. $.50. One of the clearest of Communist writers offers an incisive introduction to the revolutionary theories and activities of Lenin. Highly recommended.

The Planned Economy in Soviet Russia, by Edward Lamb. Dorrance. $1.75. A sympathetic but superficial study.

Boy and Girl Tramps of America, by Thomas Minehan. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50. A liberal sociologist takes a look at America's *bezprizorni.* The book is pretty good until Prof. Minehan gets round to proposing remedies.

A House on a Street, by Dale Curran. Covici Friede. $2. A careful and convincing novel of the progress of an ex-bond salesman towards Communism.

The Coming American Revolution, by George Soule. Macmillan. $2.50. The astute reader will be able to discover much material of value in this book if he doesn't get lost in Mr. Soule's liberal morasses.

Hitler Over Europe, by Ernest Henri. Simon & Schuster. $1.90. An anonymous author, obviously well-informed, gives an exciting analysis of the rise of Hitler and the future of Europe.

The Burning of the Reichstag, by Douglas Reed. Covici Friede. $3. An able but inconclusive account.

On the Volga, by Panteleimon Romanoff. Scribner's. $2. Mostly second-rate stories by a writer of real but limited talents.

Economic Handbook of the Pacific Area, edited by Frederick V. Field. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $5. A book with plenty of useful figures, a certain number of omissions, and no conclusions.

Slim, by W. W. Haines. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50. Vitiated by the absence of revolutionary awareness, Mr. Haines' novel nevertheless gives a memorable picture of the daily life of a lineman.

Love on the Dole, by Walter Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50. By all odds the best novel on the depression that England has produced and a notable contribution to the literature of the crisis.

Veterans on the March, by Jack Douglas. Workers Library Publishers. $1.25. The full, dramatic story of the treatment of the Veterans before, during, and after the murders in Washington.

Those Who Perish, by Edward Dahlberg. The John Day Co. $2. A novel of Hitlerism in America written with sharp awareness of the significance of Fascism.

The Chinese Soviets, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Vanguard Press. $2.75. The first full story of Communism in China, rich in material and sound in interpretation.

The Naked Truth, by Luigi Pirandello. E. P. Dutton Co. $3. Fate triumphs over everything, including the author, in these stories by a writer too clever for his own good.

I Am a Cossack, by Boris Kamyshansky. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50. Another *Escape From the Soviets,* pretending to be the human interest story of a "liberal" who found the Soviets an uncomfortable place for a bourgeois to be in.

The Lummi Indians of Northwest Washington, by Bernhard Stern. Columbia University Press. $2. A valuable contribution to the growing literature on the American Indian showing the part exploitation by the European races has played in the disintegration of their culture.

Slow Vision, by Maxwell Bodenheim. Macaulay Co. $2. Bodenheim's best novel. A novel vividly describing the growth of class-consciousness in a pair of frustrated working class lovers.

Now In November, by Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster. $2. The story of a Missouri farming family's struggle against drought and debt told with extraordinary sensitivity, a sensitivity which includes an understanding of economic factors. Comparison with Emily Bronte is not amiss, in this remarkable performance.

Science for a New World, Edited by J. G. Crowther. Harper & Bros. $3.75. In effect an apologia for Capitalism by the bishops of science, offering a new spiritual hereafter in pseudo-scientific terms.

The Ways of White Folks, by Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. Excellent short stories in which the illusion that through "culture" Negro intellectuals at least, can solve their race problem, is shattered.

The Foundry, by Albert Halper. The Viking Press. $2.50. A great advance over the author's previous "proletarian" novel, *Union Square,* and demonstrating still more strikingly his substantial fictional gifts, but in its attitude still on the fence.

China's Red Army Marches, by Agnes Smedley. Vanguard Press. $2.50, International Publishers, $1.60. The story of the Chinese Soviets as seen through the career of the Chinese Red Army from 1927 to the first Congress of the Chinese Soviets. Superbly told. An epic narrative on a level with Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World.*

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Proletarian Literature Today

MAXIM GORKY

THE role of the labor processes which have transformed the erect animal into a human being and have created the basic foundations of culture has never been investigated as comprehensively and profoundly as it deserves. This is natural, since such an investigation is not in the interests of the exploiters of labor, who, transforming the energy of the masses, like raw material, into money could not, of course, in this case raise the value of the raw material. Beginning with antiquity, from the time of the division of men into slave-owners and slaves, the living power of the toiling masses has been used, and is being used, as we are now using the mechanical power of the current of rivers. Primitive men have been described by historians of culture as philosophizing idealists and mystics, creators of gods, seekers of the "meaning of life."

You know that the data of archeology and reflections of the ancient religious cults served as the material for the history of primitive culture, and these relics were considered in the light and under the influence of Christian philosophic dogmatism, which was not alien also to atheist historians. This influence is quite clear in the theory of super organic development of Spencer, and not only with him; it is also not alien to Fraser and to all the others. But none of the historians of primitive and ancient culture has utilized the data of folklore, the oral creativeness of the people, the evidence of mythology, which, in general, is a reflection of the phenomena of nature, the struggle with nature and the reflection of social life in broad artistic generalizations.

The historians of primitive culture were entirely silent about the completely clear signs of materialist thinking, which were inevitably initiated by the processes of labor and the whole sum of phenomena of the social life of ancient man. These signs have come to us in the form of fairy tales and myths in which we hear the echoes of the work of domesticating animals, the discovery of herbs, the invention of implements of labor. Men were already dreaming in the era of antiquity about the possibility of flying. This we may see from legends about Phaeton, Daedalus and his son Icarus, and the tale of the "flying carpet." Men were dreaming about acceleration of movement over the earth in the tale about "seven-league boots," and mastered the horse. The desire to float down the river faster than its current has led to the invention of the oar and the sail. The striving to kill the enemy and the beast from afar has been the motive for the invention of slings, bows and arrows. Men meditated upon the possibility of spinning and weaving a huge quantity of material in one night, of building a good habitation overnight, even a "palace," i.e., a habitation fortified against the enemy. A spinning wheel, one of the most ancient implements of labor, and a primitive handloom for weaving were created and the fairy tale about Vasilisa the Wise was invented. One could cite dozens more proofs of the purposiveness of fairy tales and myths, dozens of proofs of the farsightedness of the imaginative and hypothetical, but already the thinking of primitive men along technological lines rises to such modern, to us, hypotheses as, for example, the utilization of the forces of rotation of the earth on its axis or the destruction of polar ice. All the myths and tales of antiquity are crowned, as it were, by the myth about Tantalus. Tantalus stands up to his neck in water, he is tortured by thirst but he cannot quench it—such is ancient man among the phenomena of the external world that are not understood by him.

The ancient tales, myths and legends are known to us, but I should like their basic meaning to be understood more deeply. This meaning amounts to the striving of the ancient workingmen to lighten their labor, to increase productivity, to arm themselves against four-legged and two-legged enemies and also to influence the elemental phenomena of nature, hostile to men, by the force of the word, by the method of "pleas" and "invocations." The latter is particularly important since it signalizes how profoundly men believed in the force of their word, and this belief is explained by the clear and perfectly real advantage of speech, which organizes the social interrelations and labor processes of men. They even tried to influence the gods by their "invocations." This is quite natural, since all the gods of antiquity lived on earth, were man-like and also behaved like men: well disposed to the obedient and hostile to the disobedient; like men, they were envious, revengeful, ambitious. The facts that the gods were man-like is one of the proofs in favor of the opinion that religious thinking did not arise from the contemplation of the phenomena of nature but arose on the basis of the social struggle. It is quite admissible to think that the "notable" people of antiquity were the raw material for the manufacture of gods: Hercules, the "hero of labor," and "master of all trades," was eventually raised to Olympus among the gods. In the imagination of primitive men, god was not an abstract conception, a fantastic being, but a perfectly real figure armed with one or another implement of labor; god was a master of one trade or another, a teacher and co-worker of men. God was an artistic generalization of the successes of labor, and the "religious" thinking of the toiling masses must be placed in quotation marks, since it was a purely artistic creation. While idealizing the capacities of men and having a presentiment, as it were, of their powerful development, the creation of myths was fundamentally realistic. It is easy to discover in every flight of ancient fantasy its stimulus, and this stimulus was always the striving of men to lighten their labor. It is quite clear that this striving was introduced into life by people of physical labor. And it is quite clear that god would not have appeared and would not have existed so long in the every-day customs of men of labor if he were not exceedingly useful to the lords of the earth, the exploiters of labor. In our country, god is becoming obsolete, so rapidly and easily, precisely because the reason for his existence has disappeared: the necessity for justifying the power of man over man, since man must only be the collaborator of man, his friend, his comrade-in-arms, his teacher, but not the lord over his mind and will.

But the more mighty and powerful the slave-owner became, the higher have the gods risen in heaven, and there appeared among the masses the struggle with god, as embodied in the images of Prometheus, the Esthonian Kaleya and other heroes, who saw in god a lord of lords, hostile to them.

Pre-Christian, pagan folklore did not preserve any clearly expressed signs of the existence of thought about the "essences," about "the first cause of all phenomena," about "things in themselves" and, in general, into signs of thought which became organized into a system in the fourth century before our era, by the "prophet of Attica," *Plato, the founder of the conception of the universe abstracted from the processes of labor, from the conditions and phenomena of existence.* It is known that the church stubbornly fought from the beginning the "survivals of paganism," and these survivals were the reflections of the labor and materialist conception of the universe. It is known that as soon as the feudal lords began to feel the power of the bourgeoisie, there appeared the idealist philosophy of Bishop Berkeley, the reactionary significance of which is elucidated by V. I. Lenin in his militant book against idealism. It is known that on the eve of the French Revolution, at the end of the 18th century, the bourgeoisie utilized materialist thought for the struggle with feudalism and its inspirer—religion; but, having conquered its class enemy and in fear of its new enemy—the proletariat—the bourgeoisie immediately returned to the philosophy of idealism and to the defense of the church. Feeling more or less alarmingly the illegitimacy and precariousness of its power over the toiling masses, the bourgeoisie tried during the course of the 19th century to justify its existence by the philosophy of criticism, positivism, rationalism,

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pragmatism and other attempts at the distortion of pure materialist thought springing from the processes of labor. One after another of these attempts revealed its impotence to "explain" the universe, and it was once more recognized in the 20th century that the idealist Bergson is the leader of philosophic thought, the teaching of whom, by the way, is "favorable for the Catholic religion." If to this definite recognition of the necessity of moving backwards be added the modern wailings of the bourgeoisie on the destructive significance of the irresistible growth of technique, which has created the fantastic wealth of the capitalists, we get an entirely clear idea of the degree of intellectual impoverishment of the bourgeoisie and of the necessity of destroying it as an historical survival. In its decomposition the bourgeoisie is poisoning the world by the putrefaction of its corpse.

Intellectual impoverishment has always been caused by a deviation from the perception of the basic meaning of the phenomena of reality—a flight from life in consequence of fear of it, or in consequence of an egoistic striving for repose, in consequence of social indifference called forth by the most vulgar and disgusting anarchism of capitalist states.

The Praised Culture of Capitalism

THERE is every ground for hoping that when the history of culture will be written by Marxists, we will be convinced that *the role of the bourgeoisie in the process of cultural creativeness has been strongly exaggerated*—especially strongly in the realm of literature, and still more so in the realm of painting where the bourgeoisie was always the employer and thereby the legislator. In itself, the bourgeoisie has no craving towards the creativeness of culture, if this creativeness is to be understood as something broader than merely the continuous development of external, material living comforts and development of luxury. The culture of capitalism is nothing else but a system of methods for the physical and moral extension and consolidation of the power of the bourgeoisie over men, over the treasures of the earth, the energies of nature. *The meaning of the process of the development of culture has never been understood by the bourgeoisie as the necessity for progress of the entire mass of humanity.* It is known that by force of bourgeois economic policy, every nation, organized as a state, was hostile to its neighbors, and that tribes, weakly organized, were slaves of the bourgeoisie, especially colored tribes, who suffered even greater oppression than the white-skinned slaves.

The peasants and workers were robbed of the right to education—the right to the development of reason and will for the knowledge of life, for changing its conditions, for lightening labor conditions. Only obedient servants of capitalism, believing in its unchangeability and legality, were educated and are being educated in the schools. "Education of the people" was written and spoken about, and a boast was even made of the success of literature, but in reality, the toiling people were divided, by being inspired with ideas of the irreconcilable differences of races, nations and religions. By this preaching is justified the inhuman colonial policy giving an ever wider scope to the senseless passion for profiteering, the idiotic greed of shopkeepers. Bourgeois science was at the service of this preaching, not being squeamish about stooping to the assertion that a negative attitude of men of the Aryan race towards all others has "organically evolved from the metaphysical activity of the entire people." It is perfectly obvious, however, that if "a whole people" was infected with a shameful bestial hatred towards colored races or towards Semites—this infection was injected by the very real physical and most despicable activity of the bourgeoisie by "fire and sword." When it is remembered that the Christian church made this activity the symbol of suffering of the loving son of God, the sinister humor of this becomes obvious in all its disgusting nakedness. By the way, Christ, the "son of God," is the only "positive type" created by church literature—it is in this type of an unsuccessful reconciler of all contradictions of life that the creative impotence of church literature is shown especially strikingly.

The history of technical and scientific discoveries is rich with facts of the resistance of the bourgeoisie even to the growth of technical culture. Facts of such resistance are generally known. They are as known as are their causes—cheapness of living labor power. It will be said that technique has nevertheless grown and attained considerable heights. This cannot be disputed. But it is explained by the fact that technique itself forecasts and prompts, as it were, the possibility and necessity of its further growth.

It goes without saying that the bourgeoisie was a revolutionary force in its time, for instance, in relation to feudalism, that it facilitated the growth of material culture, inevitably sacrificing the interests of the life and the forces of the working masses to this progress. But the case of Fulton shows that the bourgeoisie of France, even after its victory, did not immediately appraise the importance of steamships for the development of commerce and self-defense. And this is not a unique case which shows the conservatism of the philistines. We have to realize that this conservatism, in which is latent the concern for the consolidation and defense by the bourgeoise of its power over the world, has limited in every way the possibilities of the intellectual growth of the toiling people. Nevertheless in the long run it has led to a new force coming into the world—the proletariat, and the proletariat has already created a state in which the intellectual growth of the masses is not limited. There is only one sphere in which technical innovations have been accepted by the bourgeoisie without objection and immediately—the sphere of the production of weapons for the extermination of workers. It seems that no one has yet noted the influence of the production of weapons of self-defense of the bourgeoisie on the general progress of technique in the metal working industry.

Heroes of Capitalism and Its Literature

THE social and cultural development of people proceeds normally only when the hands teach the head, and, having become wiser, the head in turn teaches the hands. The wise hands again and to a greater extent contribute to the development of the brain. This normal progress of cultural development of toilers was interrupted in ancient days by causes indeed well known. A gap arose between intellectual and manual work, and human thought became divorced from worldly interests. Philosophers appeared and explained the world and the development of thought abstractly, independent of the processes of labor which change the world according to the interests and aims of people. At first they were probably organizers of labor, the same eminent people, heroes of labor, whom we see in our days in this country. Later on the temptation for power of one over many, this source of all social evils, sprang up among them as well as a tendency towards an easy life at the price of another's labor, an idea, at the same time ugly and sublime, of their individual power. This idea was supported at first by the recognition of exceptional abilities in a given individual, although these abilities were only concentrated or reflected labor achievements of the working collective, that is, the clan or tribe. The historians of culture ascribe this gap between labor and thought to the whole mass of primitive people and consider the education of individualists by the masses a merit. The history of the development of individualism is given completely and clearly by the history of literature. The most profound, striking and artistically perfect types of heroes have been created by folklore, the oral creative power of the working people. The perfection of such types as Hercules, Prometheus, Mikula Selianinovich, Svyatogor, Doctor Faust, Vasilisa the Wise, the ironic, lucky Ivan the Fool, and finally Petrushka who defeats the doctor, priest, policeman, devil and even death—all these are types in the creation of which reason and intuition, thought and feeling have been harmoniously combined. This combination is

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possible only if its creator directly participates in real life, in the struggle for the renewal of life.

It is extremely important to note that pessimism is quite alien to folklore notwithstanding the fact that the creators of folklore lived under difficult conditions. Their servile labor was deprived of all sense by the exploiters, and their personal life was lawless and defenseless. Consciousness of its immortality and confidence in its final victory over all hostile forces, however, appear to be distinctive of the collective. The hero of folklore, a "fool" despised even by his father and brothers, always turns out to be wiser than they. He is always the victor in all the adversities of every day life just as is Vasilisa the Wise.

Notes of despair and doubt which sometimes sound in folklore in regard to earthly life have no doubt been suggested by the 2,000-year-old propaganda of pessimism of the Christian church, and by the skeptical ignorance of the parasitic petty-bourgeoisie caught between the hammer of capital and the anvil of the toiling people. The importance of folklore is strikingly illustrated when comparing its fantasticisms based on the achievements of labor with the cumbersome and ungifted fantasticisms of the ecclesiastical "lives of the saints" literature and the miserable fantasticism of the novels of the age of knights and chivalry.

Epic and knightly novels are the creative products of the feudal nobility. Its hero is the conqueror. It is well known that the influence of feudal literature has never been particularly great.

Bourgeois literature begins in ancient days with the Egyptian "tales of a thief." It is continued by the Greeks and Romans and appears again in the period of the decline of knighthood in lieu of the knightly novel. It is truly bourgeois literature and its principal hero is a cheat, thief, detective and thief again, but now a "gentleman thief."

Beginning with the figure of Tyl Eulenspiegel at the end of the 15th century, that of Simplicissimus of the 17th century, Lazarillio of Tormes, Gil Blas, the heroes of Smollett and Fielding up to "Dear Friend" by Maupassant, Arsene Lupin, heroes of the "detective" literature of Europe of our days, we can cite thousands of books, the heroes of which are swindlers, thieves, murderers and detectives. This is true bourgeois literature which strikingly reflects the original tastes, interests and practical "morale" of its consumers. "Every cloud has a silver lining"; on the basis of this literature, lavishly fertilized with all kinds of banalities including the platitude of philistine "common sense," grew up such remarkable artistic generalizations as the figure of Sancho Panza, and many others. The well-known case of Ponson due Terrail is a weighty proof of the profound class interest of the bourgeoisie in the depiction of crimes.

When this author completed his many-volumned novel with the death of the hero, the readers organized a demonstration before his house, demanding a continuation of the novel, a success never before achieved by any, even of the most outstanding writers, in Europe. The readers received another two volumes of the hero who revived not only physically but morally. This crude example of a murderer and robber turning into a good bourgeois is widespread and usual for the entire bourgeois literature. The bourgeoisie admired the adroitness of thieves and the slyness of murderers with the same pleasure as the shrewdness of detectives. The detective novel today is still the favorite reading of well-fed people in Europe. Penetrating into the ranks of half-starved working people, this novel was and still is one of the reasons why class-consciousness is developing at such a slow pace. The novel rouses sympathy for adroit thieves, develops a desire for thievery, this partisan war of individuals against bourgeois property. Demonstrating how low the bourgeoisie estimates the life of the working class, this novel contributes to the increase of murder and other crimes. The great love of the European philistine for detective novels is strikingly illustrated by the great number of authors and novels and the wide circulation of these books.

It is an extremely interesting fact that in the 19th century when petty impostures acquired heroic and imposing importance on the exchanges, in parliament and in the press, the crook as the hero of the novel gave place to detectives, who in a world of quite obvious crimes against working people, cleverly solved mysterious but invented crimes. Of course, it is not at all accidental that the celebrated Sherlock Holmes appeared in England and it is still less accidental that side by side with the highly gifted detective arose a "gentleman thief" who made fools of the wisest detectives. Those who consider this change of heroes "a play of fancy" are in error. Imagination creates what reality prompts. Imagination is influenced by quite real reasons which compel, for instance, the Right and "Left" French politicians to play football with the corpse of Stavisky, this gentleman thief, in their attempts to terminate this play in a draw.

Of all the artistic forms of literature which have influence upon people, drama and comedy, which lay bare the emotions and thoughts of heroes on the stage, are recognized as the most powerful. If we begin the progress of European drama from Shakespeare it goes down to Kotzebue, Nestor Kukolnik, Sardou and still lower; and the comedy of Molière declines to Scribe, Polieran; and in this country after Griboyedov and Gogol it nearly disappears altogether. Considering that art portrays people it could apparently be concluded that the decline of dramatic art demonstrates to us the degradation of strong, well-defined characters, that "great men" have disappeared.

Even today, however, there live, prosper and act such types as the contemptible Thersites in the bourgeois journalistic world, the mis-

MAXIM GORKY

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anthrope Timon of Athens in literature, the usual Shylock in politics, as well as Judas the traitor of the working-class, and many other figures well portrayed in the past. From the 17th century up to our days the above figures have grown in number and have become still more abominable. The adventurer John Low is an urchin and a puppy compared to adventurers of the type of Stavisky, Ivar Kreuger and similar great swindlers of the 20th century. Cecil Rhodes and other politicians in the field of colonial robbery are not better than Cortez and Pizarro. The kings of oil, steel and others are much more dreadful and criminal than Louis XI or Ivan the Terrible. In the small republics of South America there are people no less terrible than the condottieri of Italy of the 14th and 15th centuries. Ford is not the only caricature of Robert Owen. The nightmare figure of Pierpont Morgan is unrivaled in the past, if one forgets the ancient king whose mouth was filled with molten gold.

The above types, of course, do not exhaust the variety of "great" men brought about by the practice of the bourgeoisie in the 19th and 20th centuries. All these people cannot be denied strength of character, highly gifted ability to count money, rob the world, cause international slaughter for their personal enrichment; they cannot be denied a wonderful shamelessness and inhumanity in their devilishly abominable work. The realistic criticism and highly artistic literature of Europe passed and is passing by these people as if unaware of them.

Neither the drama nor the novel depicts the types of bankers, industrialists and politicians with the same artistic force as literature portrayed "the unnecessary man." Nor were there portrayed the tragic and most usual fates of the masters and creators of bourgeois culture, representatives of science and art, inventors in the field of technique. This literature portrayed none of the heroes who fought for the freedom of nations which were oppressed by foreigners, or of dreamers of fraternity of all peoples such as Thomas More, Campanella, Pourier St. Simon and others. All this is not said as a reproach. The past is not irreproachable—but to reproach it is senseless. It must be studied.

Creative Impotence of Bourgeois Europe

WHAT has led the literature of Europe to the creative impotence displayed by it in the 20th century? Freedom of art and self-will of creative thought were defended furiously and loquaciously, the possibility of the existence and development of literature above class society, its independence from social policy, were strongly affirmed. This affirmation was bad politics, considering that precisely this affirmation imperceptibly compelled many writers to narrow the scope of their observations of real life, to give up a wide many-sided study of it and confine themselves "in the loneliness of their soul," to dwell on the fruitless attempts of "knowing themselves" by means of introspection without knowledge of practical life. The human being turned out to be unknowable beyond real life which is permeated with politics. The human being remained a social but not a cosmic unit like the planets, however artfully he might represent himself. Later on it was shown that individualism turning into egocentrism creates "unnecessary people." It was repeatedly pointed out that the type of "unnecessary individual" was the most artistically and convincingly portrayed hero of the European literature of the 19th century. Literature created precisely this type, having developed from portraying the technically unequipped human being who realized the victorious force of labor, to the feudal conqueror who understood that it is easier to plunder than to make anything, the crook of whom the bourgeoisie is so fond, its "teacher of life," who realized that it is easier to cheat and steal than to work. In its development literature passed by the striking figures of the founders of capitalism and oppressors of mankind who were much more inhuman than the feudal noblemen, bishops, kings and tsars.

Two groups of writers must be distinguished in the bourgeois literature of the West. One lauded and amused its class. One is: Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Braddon, Marryat, Jerome, Paul de Kock, Paul Feval, Octave Feuillet, Ohnet, Georg Samarov, Julius Stinde and hundreds similar to them. All these are typical "good bourgeois," insignificant talents, but cunning and banal as their readers. The other group is very small and consists of the most outstanding creators of critical realism and revolutionary romanticism. They are all outlaws, "prodigal sons" of their class, noblemen ruined by the bourgeoisie or children of the petty bourgeoisie who escaped from the close atmosphere of their class. The books of this group of European writers are of a double and indisputable value to us, first, as model works of literature from the point of view of their technique and second, as documents elucidating the process of the development and decline of the bourgeoisie. These documents created by the outlaws of this class portray its life, traditions and deeds from a critical point of view.

A detailed analysis of the role of critical realism in European literature of the 19th century cannot be given in this report. In its essence it depicts the struggle against the conservatism of the feudalism revived by the big bourgeoisie, the struggle by means of organizing democracy, that is, the petty bourgeoisie, on the basis of liberal and humanitarian ideas, the organization of democracy being understood by many writers and most readers as the necessity of protection against both the big bourgeoisie and ever growing attacks from the proletariat.

The development of the revolutionary consciousness of the proletariat, his love for the fatherland created by him and the defense of that fatherland is one of the essential duties of literature.

We must select labor as the main hero of our books, *i.e.*, man organized by the process of labor, who, in our country, is armed with the power of modern technique, a man, who, in his turn, is organizing lighter and more productive labor and is raising it to the level of art. We must learn to understand labor as creativeness. Creativeness is a conception which we writers use too often, with hardly a right to it. Creativeness is that degree of intensity of the work of memory, when the swiftness of its work draws from the stock of knowledge the most prominent and characteristic facts, pictures and details, and includes them in the most exact, striking and generally understood words. Our young literature cannot boast of this quality. The stock of impressions and amount of knowledge of our men of letters are not large, and a special care for its extension and deepening does not make itself felt.

The main theme of European and Russian literature of the 19th century is the individual as opposed to society, the state and nature. The chief reason which induced the individual to place himself in opposition to bourgeois society is the abundance of negative impressions which he obtained from it contradictory to his class ideals and traditions of life. The individual felt that these impressions were crushing him, retarding the process of his growth, but poorly understood his responsibility for the vulgarity, baseness and criminality of the foundations of bourgeois society. Jonathan Swift wrote for the whole of Europe, but the bourgeoisie of Europe believed that his satire was aimed at Britain alone. And in general, the rebelling individual, while criticizing the life of his society, rarely and very poorly realized his responsibility for the shameful practices of society. A profound and correct understanding of social-economic causes was still more rarely the basic motive of his criticism of the existing order. His criticism arose more often either from a perception of the hopelessness of his existence in the narrow, iron cell of capitalism or by the striving to revenge himself for his failures in life, for its humiliation. And it may be said that when the individual turned to the working mass, he did it not for the sake of the interest of the mass, but in the hope that the working class, having destroyed bourgeois society, would insure for him freedom of thought and free choice of action. I repeat: the basic and chief theme of pre-revolutionary literature was the drama of the individual, to whom life seems cramped, who feels himself superfluous in society, who seeks in it a

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convenient place for himself, and not finding it, suffers and perishes; or reconciles himself to a society hostile to him, or takes to drink or commits suicide.

In our country, in the Union of Socialist Soviets, there must not, there cannot be any superfluous people. Wide liberty to develop his capacities, gifts and talents is at the disposal of every citizen. One thing only is demanded of the individual: Be honest in your attitude to the heroic work of the creation of a classless society.

Philistinism Must Be Driven Out

"LEADERISM" is an ailment of the epoch. It is caused by the lowered capacity for living of the petty bourgeois, by a feeling of inevitable destruction in the war between the capitalist and the proletarian and by his fear of destruction, a fear which drives him to the side which he has long been accustomed to consider the physically stronger, to the side of the employer-exploiter of the labor of others, the robber of the world. Internally "leaderism" is the result of the outlived usefulness, impotence and poverty of individualism; externally, it is expressed in the forms of such purulent excrescences as, for example, Ebert, Noske, Hitler and other such heroes of capitalist reality. Here, where socialist reality is being created, such excrescences are, of course, impossible. But here there still remain as a heritage of the petty bourgeois a few pimples incapable of understanding the essential difference between "leaderism" and leadership, although the difference is quite clear: leadership, highly valuing the energy of people, points the way to the achievement of the best practical results with the least expenditure of energy, while "leaderism" is the individualistic striving of the philistine to stand a head higher than his comrades, which it is very easy to do with the possession of mechanical agility, an empty head and an empty heart.

Criticism yields too much place to semi-literate reviewers who only perplex and offend authors but are incapable of teaching them anything. It does not note the attempt to resurrect and to put into effect some ideas of popular literature and, finally, what is very important, it does not interest itself in the growth of regional literature, to say nothing of the literature of the Soviet Union. It must also be said that criticism does not concern itself with public statements from men of letters, with "how they are writing," yet such statements very much demand the attention of criticism.

Self-criticism is necessary, comrades. We are working before a proletariat, which, becoming ever more literate, is continuously making larger demands on our art, and together with this, on our social conduct.

The Communism of ideas does not coincide with the character of our actions and interrelations in our environment, interrelations in which an exceedingly serious role is played by philistinism which expresses itself in envy, greed, vulgar gossip and mutual disparagement.

We have written and are writing much about philistinism, but an embodiment of philistinism is not given in one person, in one image. And it must be depicted precisely in one person and as fully as the world types of Faust, Hamlet and others have been fashioned.

I will remind you that philistinism represents the numerous class of parasites, who while producing nothing, are striving to consume as much as possible and do consume it. Living as parasites upon the peasantry and working class, always inclining towards the big bourgeoisie, and sometimes by force of demands from outside, passing over to the side of the proletariat and introducing in its environment anarchism, egocentrism and all the vulgarities historically inherent in a philistine, the vulgarity of thought that is fed exclusively by facts of the mode of life and not by the inspirations of labor—philistinism, in so far as it thought and is thinking, always propagated and strengthened the philosophy of individual growth along the line of least resistance and sought a more or less stable equilibrium between two forces. The attitude of philistinism towards the proletariat is characterized most strikingly by the fact that even a semi-beggarly peasant, the owner of the most poverty-stricken strip of land, despised a factory worker who is deprived of all property except his hands. That the proletarian has also a head has been noticed by the philistine only when the hands of the proletarian began to act in a revolutionary way outside the factory.

Not all weeds are harmful or useless, since curative poisons are obtained from many of them. Philistinism only manufactures destructive poison. If the philistine had not felt himself such a contemptible part in the machine of capitalism he would not have striven so persistently and so fruitlessly to prove the importance and freedom of his thought, will and right to existence and would not have created in the course of the 19th and 20th centuries such a number of "superfluous people," "repenting nobles," "timeless heroes," men of the type of "neither fish nor fowl."

Dislodged, driven out from its nests, from hundreds of provincial towns, philistinism in the Soviet Union is scattered everywhere and, as we know, is even percolating into the Party of Lenin, whence it is always thrown out at every Party cleaning. Nevertheless, it remains and acts like a microbe giving rise to disreputable diseases.

The Party leadership of literature must be strictly purged of all influences of philistinism. The Party people in literature are obliged to be not only teachers of ideology, the organizing energy of the proletariat of all countries for the final battle for its liberty, but the Party leadership must display in all its conduct a morally authoritative force. This force must above all introduce in the environment of writers a consciousness of their collective responsibility for all that happens in their midst. With all the diversity of its talents and continually growing number of new, gifted writers, Soviet literature must be organized as a united collective whole, as a mighty weapon of socialist culture.

The union of writers is being formed, not merely for the purpose of physically uniting artists of the pen, but in order that professional association should enable them to understand their collective force and to define, with all possible clarity, the diversity of tendencies of their creativeness, their purposes, and harmoniously unite all aims in that unity which directs all the labor-creative energy of the country.

What is in question here is not, of course, that individual creativeness should be limited, but to place at its disposal the widest possibilities of a further powerful development.

It must be recognized that critical realism has arisen as the individual creativeness of "superfluous people," who, being incapable of fighting for life, not finding for themselves a place in it and more or less clearly perceiving the aimlessness of personal existence, have understood this aimlessness only as the absurdity of all phenomena of social life and the entire historical process.

While by no means denying the wide and tremendous work of critical realism, while appraising its formal achievements in the art of word painting, we must understand that this realism is only necessary for us in order to throw light upon the relics of the past, for the struggle with them, for rooting them out.

But this form of realism has not served and cannot serve the education of socialist individuality, since while criticizing everything, it has affirmed nothing, or, in the worst cases, has returned to the affirmation of all that which it itself has denied.

Socialist individuality, as we see from the example of our heroes of labor, who are the flower of the working mass—socialist individuality can develop in the conditions of collective labor, which places before itself the highest and wise aim of emancipating the toiler throughout the world from the power of capitalism with its crippling effect on man.

Socialist realism proclaims existence as work, as creativeness the aim of which is the uninterrupted development of the most valuable individual abilities of man for the sake of his victory over the forces of nature, for the sake of his health and long life, for the sake of the great happiness of living on the earth, of which he, in conformity with the constant growth of his needs, wants to cultivate the whole as a splendid habitation of humanity united in one family.

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The Meaning of Fascism

JOSEPH FREEMAN

FOR OVER a dozen years Fascism has been the subject of widespread discussion. There is an enormous amount of literature about it, especially in the past two years when the accession to power of the Nazis in Germany has vividly brought the issue home to millions who never thought very seriously about it before. Yet the real significance of Fascism—its logical birth and development as a part of capitalism today—has rarely been brought out. We now have what is probably the most trenchant analysis of it in R. Palme Dutt's book, whose very title is illuminating.[1] If the volume deserves John Strachey's judgment that it is "incomparably the best book on Fascism that has yet been written," it is because the author has given us not a study of Fascism in the abstract, but a study of Fascism as part of a social process in which it is the antithesis of social revolution.

Millions, shocked by the advance of Fascism over an increasing area of the globe, assume that it came like a bolt from the blue; yet, by a lucid collation of the facts and their acute diagnosis, Dutt is able to show that it is no sudden growth. Indeed, the whole of post-war social development has been incubating Fascism. Apologists talk about it as a national renaissance, the triumph of youth, the end of decadent liberalism and intellectualism, a progressive step toward a balanced and organized social order; liberals and social-democrats attack it as an expression of sadism, brutality and violence; the triumph of militarism and despotism, of national and racial egotism; as a revolt of the inferior mass against culture; as the destruction of liberty, equality and fraternity by the apostles of the "superman." But Dutt, like all real Marxists, sees in these attitudes only a melange of superficial phrases which ignore the basic forces involved. He analyzes Fascism in relation to the whole character of modern social development, of which Fascism itself is an expression. Above all, he gets down to "the basic movement and driving force of economy and technique, of which the social and political forms, including Fascism, are only a reflection."

Dutt's examination of the basic—that is, the *economic and technical*—facts of the modern world leads him to the following indisputable conclusion: The modern development of technique and productive power has reached a point where the existing capitalist forms are more and more incompatible with the further development of production, and the further utilization of technique. Between the existing capitalist forms and the further development of productive power and technique there is an irreconcilable conflict which has grown more open and more violent since 1914. With the world economic crisis of 1929 this conflict entered upon a new and extreme stage. The nature of this conflict between capitalist forms and the productive forces is such, that one must destroy the other. Either the advance of the productive forces must end capitalism, or the maintenance of capitalism must end the advance of production and technique —and inaugurate their sharp deterioration. In actual fact the latter alternative has already set in. The delay of the social revolution and the continuation of capitalist forms has already resulted in the marked and continuing deterioration of the productive forces and techniques in all countries except the Soviet Union. The lone exception is the one country where capitalist forms have been abolished.

It is against this economic background, against the development of modern capitalist society as a whole since the war, that Dutt analyzes, with a wealth of specific detail, clarity of thought and brilliance of style, the history and significance of Fascism in various countries. He notes that in every field—economic, political, and ideological—the theories and practices which are becoming more and more dominant in *capitalism as a whole* are strikingly like the theories and practices of Fascism as a *professedly peculiar system.* From these facts Dutt concludes that Fascism "is no peculiar independent doctrine and system arising in opposition to existing capitalist society," but is, on the contrary, "the most complete and consistent working out, in certain conditions of extreme decay, of the most typical tendencies and policies of modern capitalism." All modern capitalisms, is, the fascist form included, have, to a greater or lesser degree, the following characteristics in common: The basic aim of maintaining capitalism in the face of the revolution threatened by the advance of productive technique and of class antagonisms; the consequent intensification of capitalist dictatorship; the limitation and repression of the independent working-class movement and the building up of a system of organized class cooperation; the increasing suppression of parliamentary democracy; the extending State monopolist organization of industry and finance; the closer concentration of each imperialist bloc into a single economic-political unit; the advance to war as the necessary accompaniment of the increasing imperialist antagonisms.

To a greater or lesser extent, these factors are typical of *all* modern capitalist states no less than of the specifically *fascist* States; so that, in this wider sense, one may speak of the development of all modern capitalist states toward Fascism. But although the sum-total of the policies of modern capitalism provide already in essence the sum-total of the policies of Fascism (Dutt points out) they are not yet complete Fascism, which at present is realized in a limited number of countries. The specific character of complete Fascism, he explains, "lies in the *means* adopted towards the realization of these policies, in the *new social and political mechanism* built up for their realization." Fascism in this specific or narrower sense—in the sense of the Fascist movements or the completed fascist dictatorships of Italy, Germany and other countries—has definite familiar characteristics of its own. The Fascist movements are marked by terrorism, extra-legal military organizations, the fight against parliamentarism, national and social demagogy, etc. The realized Fascist dictatorships are characterized by the suppression of all other parties and organizations (particularly the violent suppression of all independent working-class organizations) a reign of terror, the so-called totalitarian state, etc.

Of Fascism in this specific or narrower sense, Dutt gives us the best analysis published in English so far. Collating various statements by Mussolini and his ilk, Dutt concludes that all their verbiage fails to reveal the essential character of Fascism. The abstract general conceptions which the various fascist chieftains and ideologues trot out in explanation of their deeds have no distinctive character whatever. They are common to many schools of

[1] *Fascism and Social Revolution,* by R. Palme Dutt. International Publishers. 1934. New York. $1.75.

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bourgeois political philosophy which are not yet Fascist, especially common to all national-conservative schools. Such generalizations as the *duty of cooperation—the duty toward others—life as duty and struggle—a high conception of citizenship—the State above all classes—the common interest before self*—and other empty phrases put forward by the Fascists, are (Dutt emphasizes) merely the dreary commonplaces of all bourgeois politicians and petty moralizers who seek to conceal the realities of class domination and class exploitation. The idealization of the State as an "absolute end," transcending all individuals and groups, is a vulgarization of the Hegelian school which has been the foundation of the dominant bourgeois political philosophy. So bare is Fascism of original or distinctive thought that is futile to look for an explanation of Fascism in terms of a particular theory. That much is admitted by Mussolini who has openly declared that in developing his movement he had "no specific doctrinal attitude in mind."

Fascism developed, according to Dutt, as a movement in *practice* under conditions of a *threatening proletarian revolution.* It was a counter-revolutionary mass movement supported by the bourgeoisie, employing the instruments of mixed social demagogy and terror to crush the revolution and strengthen the capitalist state dictatorship. Only later did it attempt to decorate the actual process with a "theory." Hence, Dutt concludes, it is not in the secondary derivative attempts to create a "theory," but in the actual historic process that the essence of Fascism is to be sought.

That is why the typical liberal and social-democratic explanations of Fascism are as inaccurate as the typical fascist explanations. Liberals and social-democrats see in Fascism merely the principles of "dictatorship" and "violence." They look upon Fascism as a parallel extreme to Communism, both of which are contrasted with bourgeois "democracy." Communism is the "Dictatorship from the Left"; Fascism is the "Dictatorship from the Right." But dictatorships from the Right (Dutt points out) may exist in many forms without constituting Fascism. Czarism was a dictatorship from the Right without being Fascism. It is true that Fascism is a reactionary dictatorship; but not every reactionary dictatorship is Fascism. The specific nature of Fascism (Dutt concludes) cannot be defined in terms of abstract ideology or political first principles, but only by laying bare its *class-basis,* the system of *class-relations* within which it develops and functions, the *class-role* it performs.

Yet when we try to analyze Fascism on a class-basis, we come up against two diametrically opposed explanations. According to one, Fascism is an independent movement of the middle-class or petit-bourgeoisie in opposition to both the proletariat and to large-scale capital. According to the other, Fascism is a weapon of finance-capital, utilizing the support of the middle-class, of the slum proletariat, and of demoralized working-class elements against the organized working-class, but always acting as the effective representative of the interests of finance-capital.

The first viewpoint is propagated by liberals and social-democrats. In England the New Statesman and Nation, six months after Hitler was in power, declared that "the collapse of capitalism does not at all lead to the seizure of power by the proletarians, but to the dictatorship of the middle-class," a "fact" which it considered "the Achilles' heel of Communist theory." In this country, the pseudo-Marxist Modern Monthly at about the same time explained the rise of a fascist dictatorship as the result of two factors: "the crisis in imperialism and the consequent collapse of ruling-class power and policy," and "the rise of a belligerent lower middle-class which provided a mass basis for its assumption of power." This view, which distinguishes and *separates* Fascism from the bourgeois dictatorship—is blown to bits by the battery of facts which Dutts marshals in refutation. The most elementary survey of the actual history, development, basis and practice of Fascism utterly destroys the illusion that it is a petit-bourgeois "revolution" against big capital. The open and avowed supporters of Fascism in every country, Dutt points out, are the representatives of *big capital*, the Thyssens, Krupps, Monds, Deterdings, Youngs. It is true that in its early stages Fascism, in order to obtain mass support, puts on a circus of vague and obviously disingenuous anti-capitalist propaganda. But from its very inception it is financed, maintained and fostered by the big landlords, financiers and industrialists. And while the large-scale capitalists give it *economic* support, the capitalist State gives it *political* support. From its cradle Fascism enjoys the aid of the higher army officers, the police authorities, the law-courts. The whole machinery of the capitalist State cooperates with the fascists in crushing working-class opposition, while openly conniving at fascist illegality; as, for example, in Germany, where the Red Front was suppressed at the very moment when the Storm Troops were given a free hand.

Furthermore (Dutt points out) the most eloquent refutation of the theory of the petit-bourgeois "revolution" is the glaring fact that nowhere has Fascism *conquered* power from the big bourgeoisie. In every instance Fascism has been *placed in power from above* by the capitalist state; in Italy by King Victor Emanuel, who refused to sign a decree of martial law against the Fascists and invited Mussolini to power; in Germany by President Hindenburg, who placed Hitler in power at the very moment when the Nazi influence was declining at the polls. "The bourgeoisie"—Dutt concludes from these facts—"has in practice passed power from one hand to the other and called it a 'revolution', while the only reality has been the intensified oppression of the working-class." The composition of the Supreme Economic Council "under" the Hitler régime, which includes the armament magnate Krupp, the steel magnate Thyssen, the electric magnate Siemens, the dye magnate Bosch, the potash magnate Diehn, the bankers Schroeder, Finck, and Reinhart—shouts from the rooftops to all who care to listen the true relations of the social classes under Fascism. On the basis of these facts, Dutt defines Fascism as *"a movement of mixed elements, dominantly petit-bourgeois, but also slum-proletarian and demoralized working-class, financed and directed by finance-capital to defeat the*

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working-class revolution and smash working-class organizations."

The book under review is a study of this movement in all capitalist countries—the best so far in English, one which no thinking man or woman opposed to the scourge of Fascism can afford to miss. It is impossible in a review to convey anything except the vaguest idea of the richness of Dutt's material or his penetrating power of analysis which sweeps over the whole of modern capitalism. With the exception of the section on the United States, where Dutt mistakes the process of strengthening *individual* monopolies for state capitalism, we have here a volume whose precision of observation is combined with clarity of exposition. From the array of specific detail which he has gathered, Dutt concludes that only two paths are open to the modern world. The first path is to force back society to a more primitive stage in order to maintain the existing domination of the capitalist class. This is attempted by strangling the power of production, by arresting all development, by destroying material and human forces, by crippling international exchange, by throttling science and invention, by crushing the development of thought, by concentrating on the organization of limited, self-sufficient, static, hierarchic societies in a state of mutual war. This path of decay—the path of Fascism—is the path to which the bourgeoisie of all the modern capitalist countries are increasingly turning.

The alternative open to contemporary society is to organize the new productive forces as *social* forces, as the commonwealth of the entire existing society for the rapid and enormous raising of the material base of society. On this basis and *this basis alone*—Dutt stresses—is it possible to destroy poverty, ignorance and disease; to abolish classes and to break down national barriers; to carry forward science, art, and culture in general, to greater heights; to organize the world Communist society in which human beings will, for the first time, be able to reach their full stature and play their part in the collective development of the future humanity. This is the path of Communism, "the path to which the working masses, who are the living representatives of the productive forces, and whose victory over capitalist class domination can alone achieve the realization of this path, are increasingly turning." This is the path which modern science and productive development make both possible and necessary, and which opens up undreamed-of possibilities for the future development of the human race.

As a revolutionary Marxist, Dutt is confident that of these alternatives Communism will conquer, because "the productive forces are on the side of Communism"; he believes that the victory of Communism, which is expressed in the victory of the proletariat, is ultimately inevitable as the sole possible final outcome of the existing contradictions; that "the nightmare of the other alternative, of the 'Dark Ages', whose creeping shadow begins already to haunt the imagination of current thinkers, will yet be defeated, will be defeated by the organized forces of international Communism."

But Mr. Dutt is no fatalist; he warns, as every revolutionary Marxist must, that this inevitability is *not independent of the human factor;* it can be realized *only* through the human factor. Hence *"the urgency of the fight against Fascism, and for the victory of the proletariat on which the whole future of human society depends."*

Soviet Republic No. 2

CONRAD KOMOROWSKI

CHINA'S RED ARMY MARCHES, by Agnes Smedley. Vanguard Press. $2.50. Popular edition, International Publishers. $1.60.

FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF THE CHINESE SOVIET REPUBLIC. With an Introduction by Bela Kun. Maps and Diagrams. International Publishers.

I WAS EXULTANT when I finished Agnes Smedley's book, so much had it moved me. The sacrifices, the heroism, the successes, and the historical importance of the Chinese Red Army have been transferred to these pages in living deeds never to be forgotten. No one to whom I have spoken has not been moved by it, and this is a tribute not only to the heroic Chinese Red Army but also to the art of Agnes Smedley.

Here is the Chinese Red Army re-created. This is no "inside picture;" here are not merely stories about the Red Army; here *is* the Red Army of individuals and as the power of the toiling masses welded together invincibly. Here is a new *Ten Days That Shook the World* in importance and quality, but perhaps even a more substantial one in its penetration of, and ability to present, hundreds of individuals. Certainly where Reed presented sketches, Smedley presents the full personality, even of the least soldier, worker or peasant.

Smedley's book is a work of art, a penetration into the human side of the Chinese revolution. It is also a chronological history of the Red Army. The stories begin with the earliest days of the Red Army and carry it straight through to the First Congress of the Chinese Soviets, in 1931.

We feel we have been with the Red Army every day during these crucial years. We actually journey with the Red Army during fine days and cold rainy ones; through the mountainous paths, into the valleys, into the plains. We besiege Changsha; we participate in the soldiers' and workers' trial of the plunderers among the bandits who had joined us and with whom we had lived, argued, and talked in order to convince them that the method of the Red Army was right and the bandit method wrong. We rejoice with the Red Army, and sorrow with it at the mass graves of the dead. We penetrate the White Army ranks, hear the stories of the ear-cleaners, telling the wonders the Red Army performs, in order to demoralize the Whites, hear the remarks of the White Army men, observe their class-consciousness as workers and peasants awake, desert with them, or retreat with them. We go into the towns with the workers and peasants sent to make contacts, to gather information, to propagandise. Long nights under the stars, lying side by side, jokes with our commanders, comrades like ourselves, or hurried marches, we tattered and torn—terrible battles and days of rest in town with the workers making us shoes, feeding us, caring for us because they love us as their liberators. We have heard Chu Teh speak, our beloved leader, and his wife, who fights by his side. We have puzzled over tactical plans, and the intrigues of the class enemy even

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within our ranks. In our mountain fastnesses we have worked in the fields by the sides of the peasants, and when we have marched into battle peasants have come crowding to help us. When we retreat, the whole village goes with us. We have run short of ammunition; we have seen the peasants rush into battle armed only with spears, hoes, sharpened stakes.

And we have seen our country, our Soviet China, grow from a handful of earth to a broad and beautiful land of fine crops, of roads, schools, of villages and cities and beautiful buildings. From a few we have grown to 350,000. Once we fought with hardly any guns, and those old, but now we have captured enough to have a gun for each of us. We fight for ourselves, for our brothers, for China.

The passion, the conviction, the dire necessity, the inextinguishable will that fires these millions of workers and peasants and handicraftsmen fires Smedley's book and fires the reader.

This Red Army and the Chinese Soviet Republic are an event of world-wide importance, ranking second only to the November of the Russian workers and peasants. It is literally shaking the capitalist world to the foundations by its victories in China and its influence on the oppressed and exploited colonial masses throughout the world. The imperialists of the whole world are lined up against it. Their unbounded rage is projected in the form of military specialists (they have even supplied a whole General Staff), arms, financial assistance, and actual intervention at crucial times. If it were the Nanking Government alone that this young stalwart of the Far East, the Chinese Red Army, faced, the tale would be different. For the Nanking Government cannot maintain itself for even a day without the support of the imperialist powers in the face of the rage of the hundreds of millions of the toiling masses.

The Red Army conquers, against apparently insuperable obstacles, because it is supported by the masses. Smedley shows this in story after story. Out of the ranks of the masses come the leaders. The creativeness of the toiling masses is a power the bourgeoisie cannot call forth, control, or crush. The most bestial terror is the only answer Chiang Kai-shek can give. He can only propose the wiping out of the whole population of the Soviet Districts by poison gas. He has admitted that his officers massacre ruthlessly and indiscriminately because, so widespread is sympathy and support for the Chinese Soviet Republic and its Red Army, they cannot tell which peasants and workers are "reds."

He murders hundreds of thousands, but new hundreds of thousands spring up. Chiang sows his dragon teeth, but he cannot harvest them as the hero of the fairy tale did.

Why does the Chinese Soviet Republic and the Chinese Red Army receive the unqualified support of the toiling masses of China? The second book listed above, *Fundamental Laws of the Chinese Soviet Republic,* supplies the answer. Read Bela Kun's preface; read the far from dry documents; and there you will see the answer. In these living revolutionary documents you will find: "It is the purpose of the Constitution of the Chinese Soviet Republic to guarantee the democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry in the Soviet Districts and to secure the triumph of the dictatorship throughout the whole of China . . . to destroy all feudal survivals. . . . All power shall be vested in the Soviets of the Workers, Peasants and Red Army men and in the entire working population . . .right to elect their own deputies . . . to improve the standard of living of the working-class, to pass labor legislation, to introduce the eight-hour day, to fix a minimum wage and to institute social insurance and state assistance to the unemployed as well as to grant the workers the right to control industry . . . shall pass a land law, shall order the confiscation of the land of the landlords and its distribution among the poor and middle peasants, with a view toward the ultimate nationalization of land . . . the goal of freeing China from the yoke of imperialism . . . freedom of speech and the press as well as the right to assembly . . . emancipation of women . . . right to education . . . free universal education . . . self-determination of national minorities . . . proclaim the Soviet Union, the land of the proletarian dictatorship to be its loyal ally." These quotations from the *Constitution* explain themselves. It is because the Chinese Soviet Republic set itself these tasks and is fulfilling them that it has the love and active support of the masses of China. It fulfills the "vast and simple desires" (as John Reed called them) of the toiling masses. No other government in China has tried to do this, or can. The roots of the plagues, floods, famine, agrarian crisis, oppression and exploitation can be torn out only by the combined strength of all the masses.

In *Fundamental Laws of the Chinese Soviet Republic* we have a book that should be read along with Smedley's. Her stories clothe these documents with flesh and blood. But even without her book, this pamphlet is vital. It gives in brief compass, and cheaply, the basis for an understanding of the Chinese Soviet Republic. Bela Kun's preface is a comprehensive, concentrated article of great value. The pamphlet comprises the Constitution, documents concerning Agrarian Legislation, the Red Army. Labor, Economics, some miscellaneous material, and very excellent diagrams.

What is now needed is active support of the Chinese Soviet Republic by the peoples of the whole world. Actual imperialist intervention looms on the horizon. We have these books (and Yakhontoff's), the material to inform and inspire us, and action is now needed, support for the national liberation struggles of the Chinese people.

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Happy Days in Fascist Italy

JERRE MANGIONE

FONTAMARA, by Ignazio Silone, New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

WHEN SILONE planned this novel, he didn't know what language to use. The people of *Fontamara,* a small farming town in southern Italy, near which he lived for twenty years, spoke no Italian. To them that language was "a foreign language, a dead language, a language whose vocabulary and grammar had grown complex without remaining in touch with us, our way of living, our way of acting, our way of thinking, our way of expressing ourselves." Italy is, largely, an agrarian nation, but to most peasants the culture that Italian Nationalists brag about is unknown. In Italy culture belongs only to people of means. The peasant is generally considered a lout, an animal who ploughs the soil, sleeps in the same shack used by his poultry, and unfit to associate with the "better" people. The middle-class is taught to look down on him and, whenever possible, exploit him. Fascism, contrary to the impression it tries to give the world, has made his lot considerably worse. It has borne down on him with terrific impact, ruining in many instances the naive faith the ignorant peasant had in "his government" and depriving him of his remaining means of livelihood. *Fontamara* presents with deadly accuracy the fate of one town under Fascism.

The town Silone has in mind is not the only one that has been oppressed. To date there have been over two hundred uprisings in villages like "Fontamara." Thanks to Silone's literary skill this particular town, though disguised in name, has become a symbol. One has only to remember the picture Silone paints in this novel to realize that in Italy the peasants are as badly off as the Russian peasants were before the Revolution.

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Silone finally wrote his novel in Italian, but he might just as well have used another language, since no copy of his novel is permitted in Italy. *Fontamara* has, so far, been translated into fourteen different languages, but Fascism has put it on its "black list," it is a dangerous book, one that ruins the pretty pictures Italian propaganda has been trying to paint; besides, Italy is full of towns like Fontamara, and there a novel like this one may bring the spark needed, for *Fontamara* does not mince words, and is written with a flavor and idiom that the Italian peasant can appreciate. Silone is no conventional novelist. He does not adopt ready-made patterns and fill them with details. He lets the nature of his incidents determine their own patterns and their own moods. In the spontaneity he thus achieves, he sometimes gives the impression of being too impatient with forms, too taken up with his story to take time off for details. In his preface he makes this explanation of his style, "There is no difference between this manner of telling, between this manner of putting one word after another, one line after another, one phrase after another, and the ancient art of weaving, the ancient art of putting one thread after another, one color after another, neatly, compactly, firmly, simply."

Silone follows this method beautifully as he tells us, step by step, how the natives of Fontamara were driven to rebellion. It is a memorable story, one whose tragedy is charged with the fierce satire that has grown out of Silone's indignation. Before Mussolini came, Fontamara was a small farming town where life was always the same drab routine, broken up occasionally by an earthquake. The natives were so constantly exploited and so cunningly that few of them ever complained. With the coming of Fascism, there came unmasked trickery, oppression, and terrorism. Their women were defiled; their taxes were raised; finally, they were deprived of their only means of irrigation, a stream which a Fascist official decided he would appropriate for his own use. Life became intolerable for these people who had always tolerated too much. They rebelled—only to be wiped off the map by Fascist bullets.

Silone's canvas takes in the whole of Fontamara, the money-mad, tyrannical officials; the politician who calls himself "friend of the people" and then betrays them at every turn; those peasants who, before they realized the true implications of Fascism, had implicit faith in God and "their" government; the rich landowner who tries to use the peasants to revenge himself on a rival landowner. Silone knows his business as a revolutionist and a writer; despite the seeming frugality of his manner, he misses nothing. *Fontamara* is not always sorrowful. Frequently there emerges from it a razor-blade brand of satire, so sharp that it can, I daresay, even penetrate the thickness of Fascist skulls.

Fascism wiped Fontamara off the map, but Silone has put it on again in such a way that no Fascist bullets can destroy its significance.

The Right Reverend Re-Definer

CORLISS LAMONT

A COMMON FAITH, by John Dewey. Yale University Press. $1.50.

THIS small book of eighty-seven pages contains the lectures which John Dewey, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Columbia University, gave at Yale University last winter in the Terry Foundation series "On Religion in the Light of Science and Philosophy." The amiable old gentleman who founded this series with a $100,000 endowment stated that he had especially in mind "the building of the truths of science and philosophy into the structure of a broadened and purified religion . . . to the end that the Christian spirit may be nurtured in the fullest light of the world's knowledge."

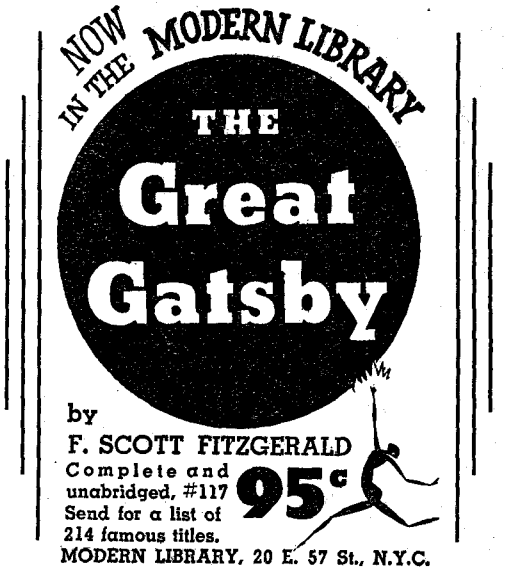
Professor Dewey should be congratulated on his heroic attempt to carry out the purposes of the benevolent Mr. Terry in establishing a "purified religion." He purifies religion to such an extent, in fact, that it becomes almost totally unrecognizable. Dependence on revelation, servile acceptance of dogma, belief in and reliance on the supernatural, backward social and moral standards, opposition to science, the teaching of humility and obedience to the masses—all these and many other characteristic attributes of religion Dewey discards in the purging process that is to make way for the "common faith" that will sweep mankind.

And by what secret, magical process is Dr. Dewey able to bring forth this pure and beautiful religion that will be above every sect, class, and race and unify all humanity? It is all very easy. Simply exercise the subtle art of redefinition and you can prove anything at all. Absolutely anything. For example, by this learned doctor's method it would be mere child's play to show conclusively that the planned socialist economy of Soviet Russia is just another form of capitalism or, for that matter, that the United States during the Hoover regime was an example of pure socialism. When you can give any meaning you like to any word that you like, then you can take out of the philosophical hat anything you desire. No ordinary magician can quite equal the feats of the accomplished verbal prestidigitator.

Professor Dewey starts out by trying to establish a distinction between the adjective *religious* and the noun *religion*. Religious faith means "the unification of the self through allegiance to inclusive ideal ends, which imagination presents to us and to which the human will responds as worthy of controlling our desires and choices." This real religious faith and the real religious values to which it gives rise must be dissociated from the creeds and cults of religion which have existed in the past or exist today. In short, Dewey can set up his eulogistic definition of *religious* only by repudiating all actually functioning *religions*. It is as if someone renounced all the existing forms of Facism as evil, but claimed that the adjective *fascist* meant the true, the good, and the beautiful.

It is in effect impossible arbitrarily to separate noun and adjective in this manner. And later on in his book, Dewey himself proves this point in two ways. First, he starts to talk about his new religion as such, and of course transfers to it the highly refined meaning that he has already given to *religious*. He even entitles a reprint of part of his book in the Yale Review, *The Liberation of Religion*. Secondly, at the close of his book he makes a plea to save the churches. The churches must, Dewey states, be reformed and purified in order to become proper vehicles for the embodiment and support of his reformed religion. But there can be no doubt that Dewey envisages this religion as institutionalized in adequate organizational forms. Thus at the end he comes back to that aspect of religion which he tried to get rid of at the start, namely, its inevitable institutionalization.

Religion and religious are not the only terms which Professor Dewey attempts to



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whitewash through redefinition. Very important is his redefinition of *God* as the "active relation between ideal and actual," that is, as the actualizing here and now of human ideals by human beings in interaction with their environment. This was part of the selection in the Yale Review. And as I pointed out in THE NEW MASSES of July 31, 1934, this definition leaves out entirely the traditional meaning of God as an independently existing personal and supernatural Being ruling over the universe and guaranteeing the triumph of the good. It proves the existence of God through the marvelous method of making the word mean what everyone, even the convinced atheist, must admit. For a redefinition of God similar to Dewey's, Lenin denounced Gorky back in 1913, accusing him of employing "a trick on all fours with the hocus-pocus of the priests." "By redecorating the idea of God," said Lenin, "you actually repaired the chains by which the ignorant workers and peasants are bound." The desperate extremes to which Dewey goes in his game of redefinition is shown by his treatment of an excerpt from the Oxford Dictionary's definition of religion, reading: "Recognition on the part of man of some unseen higher power as having control of his destiny." This is an obvious reference to a supernatural God or spiritual being. But in Dewey's purification process, "An unseen power controlling our destiny becomes the power of the ideal."

Returning to the matter of religion, what we need is, to use a technical term of logic, a *differentia* that will distinguish religion from other activities and institutions. Dewey's definition of religious and, by implication, religion, as "the unification of self through allegiance to inclusive ideal ends" covers enterprises as diverse in aim and method as nationalism, Fascism, Communism, trade unionism, the Republican Party, Upton Sinclair's EPIC plan, poetry societies, and nudist colonies. A similar vague and sweeping definition of religion by A. V. Lunacharsky, who became a noted Bolshevik, brought down Lenin's wrath and was used, as Lenin predicted, by Russian religious reactionaries to advance their own cause. In my opinion the distinguishing characteristic of religion is belief in or reliance on the supernatural, a *differentia,* by the way, that is employed as clarifying and accurate by the anti-religious movement in Soviet Russia today.

It should not be thought that my disagreement with Dewey and others in their definition of religious terms is simply a quarrel over words. For a quarrel over such important words has much more significance than just a quarrel over words. In short, words are much more than merely words. They have meanings, associations, and according to their use, far-reaching effects. The struggle against capitalism's counter-attack constantly involve the influence of varyingly well-chosen and ill-chosen words on the mind of the public. And the psychology of words, especially in America, is one of the most important subjects that the adherents of Socialism can study. But we do not have to do much studying to know that the muddling misuse of such words as God and religion by Professor Dewey and other liberal middle-class philosophers strengthens the religious forces that oppose a socialist society and support the present system. And the peculiar strategy of these thinkers shows that they themselves simply cannot bear to make a clean break with the old order.

In conclusion, it remains to be said that this book, like most of John Dewey's writings, contains much excellent and valuable material. There is, for instance, an able attack on supernaturalism. The pity is that by clinging fast to the terminology of traditional religion, even, incidentally, in the title of his book, Dewey betrays that very part of himself that has always fought against traditional religion.

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Correspondence

The Intellectual's Role

To The New Masses:

I've just read Meridel Le Sueur's article in the current New Masses. The article cried to be written and I felt throughout it the futile rôle the intellectual plays in a vital crisis.

Recently I passed through New Bedford and as I had never seen a town in the throes of a strike, I decided to look about. There were hordes of workers talking intently in groups when I approached one of the mills which had not yet "come out." I started to walk among them but a self-consciousness about my clothes made me ashamed. The workers wore shabby cotton clothes and their faces were pale and drawn. A fierce militancy, however, permeated the air. There was as yet no bloodshed and the cops looked taut and sullen. The workers stared at my finely tailored suit and silk blouse and I was overcome with embarrassment. I ached eagerly to talk with them and be one of them but the resentment and suspicion expressed on their faces caused me to alienate myself. I walked back to the car slowly and a sense of dismal futility gnawed at me. I visualized myself melodramatically tearing off my clothes and offering myself to them to do with as they will. I seemed capable of doing the most difficult and daring deed but my mouth was hushed with a deadly silence and my hands hung limply at my sides. I recalled the previous day and many, many days when I lay on the beach and sunned myself for hours while these workers stood at looms working faster and faster until their bodies ached.

I became aware that my face was a deep suntan while the faces about me were pale and thin. I wanted to scream and tear at my face which shrieked such guilt. But I walked slowly and each step seemed to imprint on my mind the necessity for work. Although I had been reading for years and constantly delaying my advent into revolutionary work by saying "I must have a sound knowledge of Communism," I now faced myself and realized the cowardice that lay beneath my flabby indolence and intellectual luxuriance. I was terrified by the spread of strikes and the accompanying terror, yet I sat back gaping and superciliously discussing and criticizing tactics and maneuvers of the Party. And I saw many of my friends with warm sympathy and fierce brave words in argument, but glaring impotence when reqeusted to march or work. The ghastly futility of our plight is overwhelming.

Zelda Leknorf.

[There is no reason for the intellectual fellow-traveler to indulge in hysterical self-flagellation or to surrender to a feeling of "ghastly futility." To draw such conclusions from Meridel Le Sueur's article is to miss the whole point. *I Was Marching* reflects very clearly the psychological transmutation of an isolated, self-enclosed, self-adulating ego, into a living, throbbing, and, at least momentarily, integral part of a vast fighting revolutionary mass. Miss Leknorf, we suggest, should have followed Miss Le Sueur's example. The working class, to achieve its emancipation, needs allies, even if they are sun-tanned and wear finely tailored suits.—The Editors.]

Origin of a Blurb

To The New Masses:

In your review of *The Foundry* you reprint the following from the blurbs:

> "In the foundry I worked half the time with the bosses and half the time with the laborers," he said. "And I heard them plotting against each other. Each side tried to pump me. I kept my mouth shut. I didn't say anything. I just remembered."

Please, in all fairness to Halper, which I know was one of your aims, will you note and make known that this statement was copied on to the jacket from the World-Telegram, where it appeared in an interview of May 6, 1933, that is, less than two months after the publication of *Union Square* and long before the completion of *The Foundry* and also, I presume, long before those other statements Halper made to you. I naturally would like to see him exonerated from an imputation of vacillation, the basis of which is a misunderstanding.

The Viking Press. David Zablodowsky.

Auto Workers News

To The New Masses:

The Auto Workers News, official organ of the Auto Workers Union, has begun to appear in a new enlarged format and is introducing a number of popular features. We are on the hunt for proletarian fiction, short short stories (about 1,500 words), especially material dealing with the automobile industry. Our first issue in the new format (October) publishes an excellent story by Bob Wald, formerly one of the leaders of the Auto Workers Union, who was deported to Belgium last year. The November issue will contain an extract from "Conveyor," the novel by James Steele which is being published in the Soviet Union and in this country by International Publishers.

New Masses writers, members of the John Reed Clubs and others are invited to send us contributions along this line. The address of the paper is 4210 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. We do not pay.

A. B. Magil.

The Humanist Flurry

To The New Masses:

A small point which you may or may not think it worth while to give me the space to correct. But as the same error has appeared several times in the Communist press, I hope you will. In your issue of September 11, Mr. Freeman speaks of the 1929 crash and says "The result was a 'revolt' of the intellectuals, which, if the experience of other countries was any indication, would drive some of them to the Fascist camp and some to us. The Humanist flurry in American literature pointed toward Fascism; now in 1932 we are having a drift toward Communism."

Mr. Freeman is, in my opinion, correct in associating Humanism and Fascism; but he is incorrect in making the Humanist "flurry" depend on the crash. There was no connection. The controversy over Humanism arose from two things: the publication of the symposium "Humanism and America"; and the propaganda of The Bookman under my editorship. The book had been written, and my adherence to Babbit and More been made manifest in The Bookman, before even the stock-market crash. The book and most of the articles pro and con were not published until the early months of 1930, but even if there could have arisen any similar concerted reaction to the depression when it was only just starting, this one had a different origin, as I have indicated.

Seward Collins.

To The New Masses:

Humanism, of which we were to hear so much in American literary circles after the stock market crash, was already a well-defined school before the war. In 1918, Randolph Bourne, speaking for the radical petit-bourgeois intelligentsia, attacked Humanism at its core. He pointed out its apologetics for capitalism, citing More's statement that "the rights of property are more sacred than the rights of man."

Since Fascism is organized capitalist decay, it is natural that the Humanist literary school which was capitalist in the twenties should be fascist in the thirties. The Marxist method made such a development predictable. In *The Communist* of September, 1928—a year before the crash and the Humanist flurry—I characterized Gorham Munson's *Destinations,* based frankly upon the Humanism of Babbit and More, as the "ideology of Fascism." In 1928 Marxists already knew that capitalism was headed for a crash, that the world crisis was under way; and those of us who were interested in literature realized that when the reactionary men of letters in this country would seek aesthetic fig-leaves for Fascism they would have to go back to Babbit and More. We were thus able to indicate the Fascism of the Humanists before they themselves made it manifest.

The Humanist flurry and the stock market crash were not, as Mr. Collins says, of "a different origin." Capitalism was rotting *before* the crash of 1929, which in itself was only a violent symptom of the mortal illness of bourgeois forms of production, distribution and culture. The crash indicated the extent of the system's decay; and because it hurled many intellectuals out of their accustomed grooves in capitalist society, some of them for a while gravitated toward Humanism. Historically, therefore, the Humanist "flurry" in American letters did come, as I indicated in the phrase to which Mr. Collins takes exception, *after* the crash.

All this, however, is small potatoes. Something more important is involved here. In so far as men of letters may be tentacles for a social class it is important to note that an American editor actually boasts of propagating Fascism in the United States—a fact which should be given due consideration by those who still have illusions about the democratic dogma flaunted by the American bourgeoisie at the very moment when its militia is bayonetting workers striking for bread.

Joseph Freeman.

The Struggle in Costa Rica

To The New Masses:

The appalling exploitation of labor in the carrying trade to South America and the Caribbean has been starkly exposed in the *Morro Castle* disaster. But the crimes of the Ward line are only a small part of a wider ring of enslavement, which includes all branches of the fruit trade with South and Central America, and gathers into its bloody net fruit-workers, longshoremen and seamen alike. At the head of this cartel controlling the lives of thousands of workers stands the United Fruit Company.

Against the United Fruit Company the Costa Rican banana workers have recently delivered a telling blow. They have called a strike, led by the American union, the Atlantic Syndicate of Workers, and a few days ago, for the first time in history, a United Fruit Company liner arrived in the port of New York without a banana in its hold.

The strike has been accompanied by the usual violence and suppression. Cerdas, strike leader, was shot while officers, backed by American Imperialists, attempted to arrest him. Three others have been arrested on charges of "treason," two of whom are Communist *deputies in the Costa Rican Congress.*

We call upon all sympathizers with the struggle for colonial emancipation in South America, to protest to the State Department in Washington, and the management of the United Fruit line.

Conrad Komorowski.

A Correction

To The New Masses:

In my review of *The Ways of White Folks* by Langston Hughes in the last issue of the New Masses, I referred to Mary White Ovington as a bourgeois Negro intellectual. I have since been informed that Miss Ovington is a white woman. Miss Ovington's long association with Negro organizations, with the Negro press, created the impression in my mind that she was a member of the Negro race. The terms of her review of *The Ways of White Folks* were so similar to those I have heard from bourgeois Negro intellectuals with whom I have talked, they seemed to confirm this erroneous impression.

Isidor Schneider.

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Mr. Vanderbilt's Ocean

ROBERT FORSYTHE

IN DETROIT no more than a month ago, Jahweh suffered a blow from which it is hardly likely He will recover. The events centered about *Rosh Hashonah,* which I am informed is the Jewish New Year and a day of sacred import to those of the faith. Involved in the plot was a gentleman named Hank Greenberg, who in ordinary circumstances would be a boy named Henry taking the day off to worship with others of his orthodox beliefs. Affairs were complicated, however, for Mr. Greenberg by the fact that he happened to be playing first base for the Detroit Tigers. To those who have not observed Detroit suffering from the dementia of pennant-fever, it will be necessary to explain that Mr. Greenberg's relations with God suddenly assumed an importance which might be comparable only to the complete financial collapse of Henry Ford. Would Greenberg play on this holy occasion and risk the wrath of Jahweh or would he refrain from playing and have the loss of the American League pennant on his conscience?

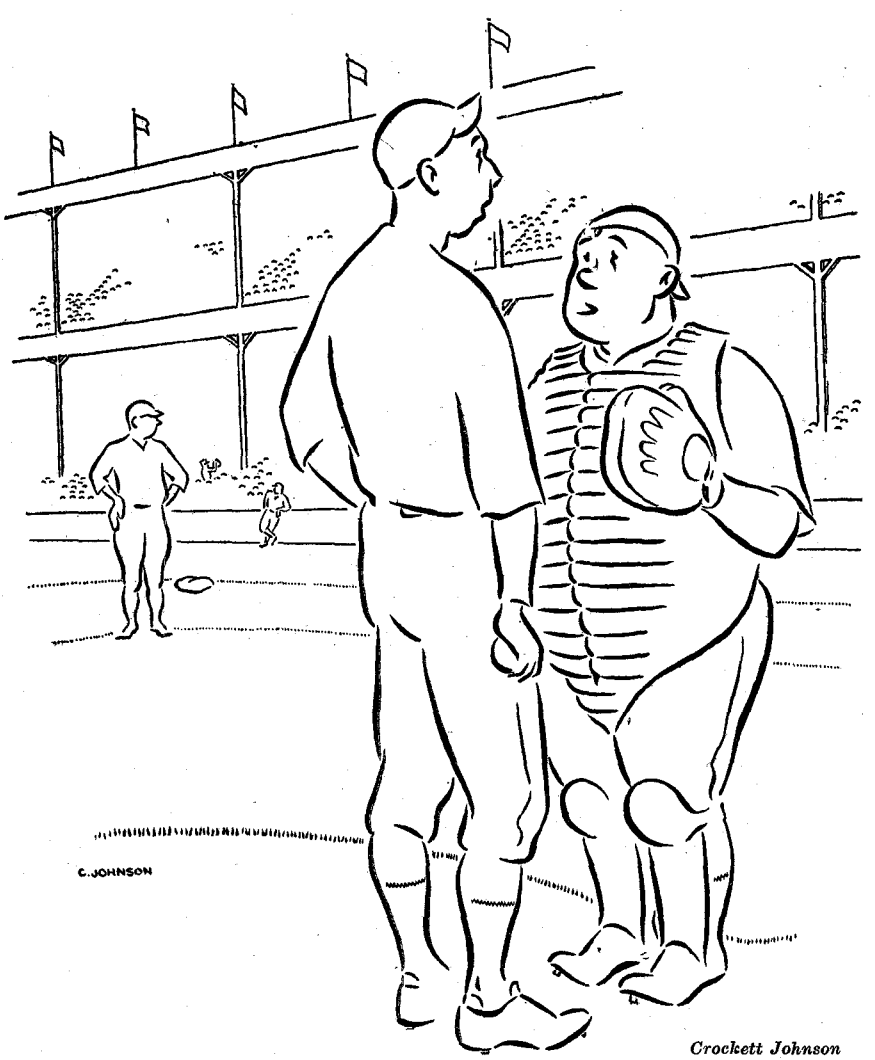
On the morning of *Rosh Hashonah,* the Morro Castle disaster, the textile strike and other extraneous matters were crowded into the rear sections of the Detroit newspapers and the front page was given over to God, Hank and the Holy Trinity. If I seem to mix my religions, it is because the Michigan press was not too clear about the standing of the Holy Ghost in the matter and from a purely technical viewpoint it was evident that the editors would be spending the subsequent few weeks explaining away the liturgical errors of staffs quite overcome by their first contact with the deities.

Up until noon Jehovah seemed to be winning. Mr. Greenberg, the papers said, was wrestling with his conscience and God had a good chance. There were references to Mr. Greenberg on his knees in prayer, but even the Hearst papers fell down on the pictures and had to be content with views of the synagogue at which Mr. Greenberg had presented himself for his morning mediations. There was talk of absolution, but this was corrected in the next extra when it was pointed out that the Jewish faith lacked a Pope capable of such action and Mr. Greenberg had to be content with a statement from a rabbi that while there was no possible exception which could excuse a parishioner on the holy day there might be a higher obligation to his team mates and to his city.

God still seemed in the running at one o'clock when extras appeared saying that Owen would replace Greenberg at first and either Clifton or Schuble would be at third in Owen's place. The break came half an hour later when it was learned that Hank had left home for the ball park. From then on it was a rout for God. Not only was it clear that Mr. Greenberg was going to take his chances with the hereafter, but in the headlines there was even a trace of defiance. The editors seemed to hint that after all *Rosh Hashonah* came every year while Detroit had not won a pennant since 1909 and although Jehovah might be acting with entire legality in the case of Mr. Greenberg, it was the mark of greatness to recognize things in their relative importance and yield when logic called for retreat. However this may be, Mr. Greenberg appeared on the field when the game started. Not only was he not struck by a vengeful bolt from on high, but he hit a home run in the seventh to tie the score against Boston and hit another in the ninth inning to win the game.

We hasten to add that L'Affaire Greenberg was in no sense an isolated instance. Other manifestations of Detroit's derangement were equally striking and nothing in recent history was so touching as the spectacle of an airplane floating above Navin Field dropping purple orchids for Edna Mary Skinner, bride-to-be of Schoolboy Rowe, who had arrived from Eldorado, Ark., to be on hand for his triumph. This was baseball at its frenzied best, but it in no way completed the picture. On one single Saturday recently the first cup race was scheduled for Newport, the finals of the national amateur golf championship were being played at Brookline, the first match of East-West polo was slated for Meadowbrook, the Futurity was being run at Belmont park, there were crucial ball games at Detroit and the Polo Grounds and Ross and McLarnin were to fight that night at Madison Square Bowl. Rain mercifully fell during the day to cancel the fight and the polo match, but the prospect of millions of Americans hanging over their radios and sitting up for the Sunday papers was not lessened by this intervention of a kind Providence.

I have noted in some quarters a trace of bewilderment over the yacht races. Anybody who has ever seen a race for America's Cup will confess that the sight of a ship careening along at a speed of six miles an hour is not calculated to bring that nerve shock which is considered essential to complete athletic satisfaction. For those who understand the fine distinctions of jibs and booms it is perhaps interesting and unquestionably there is aes-



Crockett Johnson

"Somehow I don't feel that all the eyes of the nation is on us this season."

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thetic stimulation in the spectacle of the white-sailed crafts moving across the horizon with all the stateliness of a swan floating on a lake, but five hours of looking at beauty is more than the spectators of the yacht race type could be expected to assimilate in a lifetime. There is obviously another reason for the excitement of the New York papers.

With Texas cowboys proving that polo is no longer the exclusive property of Old Westbury and the Sport of Kings and crooks being so dependent upon the little two dollar parleys of the gentlemen who get their dope sheets from the newsdealers under the "L" stations that horse racing could not last a month without this steady supply of suckers, yachting is the only sport which retains its exclusiveness and yet gets full advertising value from its display of wealth. With both the Vanderbilt and Sopwith boats valued at a million dollars, it was estimated that the fleet accompanying the contestants represented an investment well over a billion dollars. This was related by the reporters of the metropolitan newspapers with the proper tone of respect and awe and also with not a little air of thanksgiving that God could have been so good to our native land. The names of the socially prominent who followed the racing boats appeared in the New York Times and this could be accepted as the Order of the Garter for the season. In truth the hysteria of Detroit with its Schoolboy Rowes and Mickey Cochranes was less extreme than the furore of sportsmanship which engulfed Newport. The peals of joy which welcomed the first victory of Endeavour, the English boat, were of such a febrile nature that one could only assume: (1) that the wave of Anglomania had finally reached its crest; (2) that everybody was sick of the damned Cup which had been in this country something like 82 years; (3) that people were fed up with Harold Vanderbilt; or, and this is probably the real reason, (4) the Americans had been so filled with tales of the sportsmanship of the British that they were happy to embrace a chance to show that not only could Americans lose with grace but by God they could lose with three times the joy with which they could win. It was a triumph of sacrifice the like of which we are not apt to see again in our generation.

There was the unfortunate happening of the English protest after losing the fourth race, but it was quickly understood that an English sportsman like Mr. Sopwith would rather have his arm removed at the elbow than say a word which might reflect upon the American victory, but since there had been an infraction of the rules he felt that as a sportsman it was his duty to protest. Those with long memories recalled that the English at the time of Sir Thomas Lipton's last venture over here had let it be known in a gentlemanly way that the Americans were doing something with their masts that no decent person would care to do. We recall also that there were such outcries in Australia against the unethical bowling of the English in the cricket matches of two years ago that it became an empire scandal which reached the Cabinet. We mention these little incidents to show that even amateur gentlemen have their human side.

If you have followed us this distance with the thought that we are going to rail against the rich and their yachts, you are reading with little purpose. Sailing is one of the finest of sports. The ocean is large; the shore line is unlimited. We shall undoubtedly ruin the Newport races by taking away their exclusiveness and there is little chance that Vanderbilt would feel so warmly about his million dollar boats, but in Soviet America there will be no lack of sailing. There is nothing quite so fine as riding at anchor in a cove at night and taking a dip off the deck by moonlight. There is the possibility that a brakeman on Mr. Vanderbilt's New York Central could enjoy this as much as Mr. Vanderbilt. Our enemies like to feel that we would be content if only we could keep Vanderbilt from having his boat. This is part of the campaign which seems to base Communism on envy and spite. Vanderbilt, in truth, scarcely enters into our thinking except as a symbol of those who exist by the exploitation of the workers. We certainly have no intention of boycotting the ocean because a Vanderbilt once used it.

In many ways the frenzy over football which will soon be with us is perhaps our peak in sports delirium. The season lasts for only two months and in that time there is a perfect furore of excitement, but we very much doubt if the effect upon the public mind is as deleterious as one might imagine. We have just been reading a book on bull fighting, *Shadows of the Sun,* which has been translated from the Spanish by Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn matador. In it he tells of the bull ring followers who know nothing of life but the quality of the bulls and the technique of the matadors. "Corrida fans." . . .

> Outside of the corrida nothing is of any importance to them. Science, literature, art, commerce, politics, anything at all which happens. . . . Bah! . . . The cabinet fell, governmental institutions are tottering! Did you see how that black and white one went for the horses? Strikes, social revolution! What a beautiful pass, did you see it? The war; the world is sunk; the trumpets of the Apocalypse! How beautifully he killed that bull!

From that you might judge that bull fighting was the opium of the Spanish people. But if you will read Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon,* you will will see that the number of people who ever see a bull fight is an infinitesimal fraction of the population. In writing about the same Sidney Franklin and explaining why general opinion about a matador's ability is not to be trusted, Hemingway says: "Most Spaniards do not go to bull fights, only a small proportion do . . ."

This is equally true of American sports. With all our baseball mania, no more than 50,000 will see each game of the World Series. The radio will bring it to other millions, but sports are not an opium in the real sense. The textile strike was handicapped by its A.F. of L. leaders, but it was never halted by a desire of the participants to see the first football practice. Spain has its bull fights and they are as nearly a religion as any sport has ever been, but Spain has had its revolutions and it will have its future overturns. The fact that the demands of his calling prevailed over the hold of his faith in the case of Mr. Greenberg is no indication that baseball is merely a stronger opium than religion; it is far more striking as a sign that opiates of all kinds are failing to retain their strength. When Hank can hit two home runs in the face of heavenly disapproval, it is surely a symptom of weakness among the heavenly hosts.

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War: "One Hell of a Business"

HAROLD WARD

FRANK SHERIDAN JONAS, one-time South American agent for the Curtiss-Wright Export Corporation, manufacturers and peddlers of aeroplanes, was greatly disturbed by the threat of peace between Bolivia and Paraguay. This was back in 1927—about the time when the late unlamented soldier of fortune, Ernst Roehm, was confiding to his diary: "Things are not going so well with me: Peace has broken out again in Bolivia." So Mr. Jonas, in a confidential letter to his superior, Owen Shannon, unburdened himself in a paragraph of classic simplicity, which should be required reading for all those who believe, with Mussolini, that "the factor of war remains at the origin of human history," as hopelessly unavoidable as earthquakes or eclipses of the sun. Wrote Mr. Jonas:

> "We certainly are in one hell of a business, when a fellow has to wish for trouble so as to make a living, the only consolation being, however, that if we don't get the business, some one else will. It would be a terrible state of affairs," concludes this wavering disciple of Sir Basil Zaharoff, "if my conscience started to bother me now."

This document is one of the minor exhibits featured by the Senate Commission investigating the Munitions Industry. Under the well-intentioned but increasingly timorous chairmanship of Senator Gerald P. Nye, this Commission, after three weeks of wallowing in one of the loveliest international cess-pools ever uncovered, is beginning to wish it had never got started. The reason for this is simple enough, and no *honest* radical would have predicted for the investigation any other but an ignoble and calamitous end: the Munitions Industry is not, as the worthy Senators appeared to think, a perverse tumor on the sick body of international politics and the capitalist system, whose dexterous removal by way of appropriate "legislation" would bring the millenium rushing upon us. The Munitions Industry—as revealed in the crescendo of protests received by the Commission from numerous "offended" Governments—*is* international politics, and its murderous ramifications, so far from indicating a diseased (and thus presumably a remediable) condition in capitalist society, *are themselves capitalism:* as the rancorous growls of the Curtiss-Wright, American Armament, Electric Boat, Soley & Co., the Dupont-I.C.I. and other war industries giants are making clear.

Meanwhile, and until the lid is finally clamped down, the Commission—whose members by this time are ready to put on poison gas masks—continues to turn up "facts," the correct interpretation of which it is entirely willing to leave to other, and more courageous groups—as, for example, the Second United States Congress Against War and Fascism, held in Chicago on the last days of this September. At the risk of covering familiar ground, let us summarize a few of these facts —after which a brief *résumé* of armament activities abroad will be in order:

The World War increased the average annual profits of the following American industries by the amounts indicated: Atlas Powder, $1,889,000; Hercules Powder, $6,000,000; General Motors, $14,746,000; Anaconda Copper, $24,000,000 (today United States copper producing capacity is about 300 percent above 1933 consumption: reason enough to long for a return of war, with its mass destruction of raw, finished—and merely "human"—material); Bethlehem Steel, $42,587,000; United States Steel, $134,322,000; Du Pont, $51,984,000 (note that in the first six months of 1934 this chemical colossus increased its net income by over $12,000,000 as compared with the same period of 1933).

The Electric Boat Company, an American firm dominating — with the English Vickers, Ltd.—the submarine markets of the world, through its Spanish subsidiary, Constructra Naval, and with the $2,000,000 aid of Sir Basil Zaharoff, sought to eliminate German competition from Spanish naval contracts in 1925. P.S.: They got the job. Henry R. Carse, president of this company, was proved also to have had a hand in unloading upon American investors $75,000,000 worth of defaulted Peruvian bonds.

Captain Paul Koster, former officer of the Dutch Navy and subsequently European agent of the above company, reported to his employers the establishment, in Sweden, Holland, Switzerland and Belgium, of numerous camouflaged concerns engaged in the manufacture of arms and munitions, under German ownership, for German use. This same Koster, now a Director of the Bergmann Company, munitions makers of Berlin, appealed to his old company for assistance in obtaining large supplies of Thompson submachine guns, to be used by "certain organizations in Germany." The plural is very singular, as only one organization, the Nazis, can negotiate in such matters and on such a scale. From the Du Pont files it was also brought out that those good "internationalists," the American small-arms makers, were perfectly willing to ship their product to German communists — in very small quantities, however.

General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, was shown to have intervened actively in the interests of American plane manufacturers seeking South American contracts. This "good soldier" also very obligingly "boosted" American war gadgets to the Turks, for which he was duly thanked by executives of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. This in 1932.

To counteract the baleful influence of the recent visit to Chile of Great Britain's supersalesman, the Prince of Wales, Curtiss-Wright agents were instructed "to lean over backward in selling American ideas, methods and equipment." Today the Chilean air service, civil and military, is about 90 percent American.

Bribery, espionage, secret agreements tending to monopolistic control of the world's markets; exchange of patents and processes with possible "enemy" countries; the open disapproval and concealed support of "their" munitions makers by virtually every capitalist power in the world—all this to the one monotonous refrain of the entrenched Secret International: "Give us Fear and we will supply the Enemy; give us the sow's ear of War and we will make of it a silk purse to hold our Midas-treasures. Guns, again guns, and always guns. Guns for gain . . ." That is the picture, however blurred and out of focus, which, with an inexorable logic, takes shape under the powerful but hopelessly fogged lenses of the Arms Inquiry at Washington. "One hell of a business"—the immortal Mr. Jonas, at his wits' end for new sales arguments to keep two war-torn countries in the market for his company's slick new bombers, can now rock his sides laughing at the gaunt war-vultures caught in the very act of ripping the flesh from victims which not only submit but pay richly for the privilege of being devoured even before they are dead. Yes, I said laugh: those who know their Russian Revolution may recall that, whenever the pressure became too high, Lenin laughed; his whole body shook with laughter, none the less expressive for being quite silent.

That amiable figure-head, King George the Fifth, "who can do no wrong," manages—of course without intending anything of the sort—to divert Polish purchases of anti-aircraft guns from the American Driggs firm to the Vickers, Ltd. combine: which today controls, or has a significant interest in, forty-one concerns manufacturing everything from gunboats to lamp globes and from aeroplanes to rubber goods. The Du Pont brothers, operating as a patriotic American corporation, hit upon the ingenious device of affixing "poison label" stamps on all documents treating of army and navy matters in too candid a spirit; with a fine sense of the dramatic these financial chemists negotiated post-war German contracts with an international spy, Felix Brenner (alias Jungo Geira), suspected of being formerly in the employ of Von Papen and Boy-Ed, and who subsequently attempted, without success, to put over a half-million dollar deal with Japan. A Mr. Alfred J.

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Miranda, president of the American Armament Corporation, testified that the United States Department of State advised him, in June of this year, to seek an injunction *against its own government* in order to get around the nonsensical Roosevelt arms embargo. A little earlier his brother, Ignacio Miranda, was getting letters from Mr. L. E. Gale, of Hankow, China, enthusing over the prospect ("almost too good to be true") of selling eight Vega Lockheed planes to the nationalist forces: for future capture, no doubt, by the Soviet Red Army!

More recent disclosures by the Commission which "came to scoff and remains to pray":

Enrique Bordenave, Minister of Paraguay, claims to possess documents showing that in 1928 Bolivia obtained in New York the sum of $5,000,000, to be used in payments on a $14,000,000 war contract with British Vickers. In 1932, as a result of a clever "war scare" engineered in the French press (without a cent of expense) by the Dutch armament firm of Vlessing & Haegen, the nervous French government purchased a large quantity of imperfect guns in Holland, believing them to be part of huge German stocks held in that country. German air rearmament was revealed in the sales to Germany, with *full knowledge of the United States War and Navy Departments,* of motors, engine parts, etc., worth $1,445,913. This is the first eight months of 1934, and from one company alone, United Aircraft & Transportation (which began in 1925 on a capital of $1,000). United Aircraft worked in close co-operation with Lufthansa, whose technical director, Dr. Milch, is Secretary of State for Air "Traffic."

Coming closer to home, there is the sorry business of the Federal Laboratories, Inc. (our Mr. Jonas, no longer conscience-ridden, is now their New York agent), the country's largest manufacturers of tear-gas bombs, and exclusive sales agents for "Tommy guns." Mr. Young, the President, genially admitted that tear-gas sales had increased from 5 to 10 percent as a result of the textile strike, to say nothing of 'Frisco. Wrote Mr. Young to his agents: "We should impress upon public officials, that they should spend money for the purchase of tear gas equipment *even when they cannot afford to pay salaries.*" As one of the company's directors heads an undercover service for strike-breaking corporations and another plays ball with the Weirton steel crowd, such a sales policy is entirely correct.

Suppose we take a look at the arms racketeers abroad:

The international character of the traffic in arms, although frequently suggested in the evidence laid before the Senate Commission, has not been brought out or emphasized with anything like the thoroughness it deserves. This is very convenient for the munitions makers ("as silent as the grave" is a saying very appropriate to them—in the literal sense also), but in results in an incomplete picture of their activities, thus permitting the simple-minded to place their hopes in such reformist half-measures as educational and pacifist campaigns, nationalization of munitions plants or government control and license, Disarmament Conferences, and so on—until the roar of the guns and whirring of bombers (made, possibly, in "their own" country) stops off their flow of platitudes, piety and parliamentarism.

Take, for example, the aptly named Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., whose agreements with the Du Pont interests to "divide" and rule" the chemical markets of the world received a very brief airing. This titan of monopoly capital had its very modest beginnings in 1873, when Dr. Ludwig Mond and Sir John Brunner started an ammonia soda plant operating under the Belgium Solvay patents on 162 acres of land in Cheshire. The cost was £16,000. Industrial chemistry was then in its infancy, but the small plant grew with it, and swiftly. Before the war German firms joined in, and the powerful Nobel interests followed. The War temporarily blocked free European combinations, but this merely gave time for essential rearrangements of both the financial and industrial aspects of the chemical Goliath. In 1926 (year of the General Strike in England) the Imperial Chemical Industries was formally born, under the leadership of Sir Alfred Mond, and today it has a total capitalization of close to $400,000,000 ($3,000,000 in 1881). The seven major industrial groups of the I.C.I. are the alkali, general chemical, lime, explosives, metals, fertilizers and synthetic products, and rexine. The largest of these, the Alkali group, capitalized at £14,200,000, has obtained from the British government the exclusive right "to exploit 248 square miles of the British Empire in Kenya, South Africa, including in the enormous deposits of Lake Magadi the greatest individual accumulations of soda in the world" (quoting from W. Fox's valuable pamphlet on the I.C.I., recently published in England by Martin Lawrence).

Within the world network of I.C.I. affiliations and subsidiaries will be found such concerns as the German I. G. Farbenindustrie; Canadian Industries and International Nickel (87 percent of the world's nickel output comes from Canadian Mines, jointly owned by British and American capital); in South Africa the African Explosives, Cape Explosives and De Beers Consolidated Mines; in Holland the Royal Dutch Shell; in Australia and New Zealand production subsidiaries; in South America (the Argentine) a close merger of I.C.I. and Du Pont interests amply provides what the Army Ordnance Association of this country euphemistically calls "peace insurance." In the United States itself I.C.I. affiliations are of long standing. In 1926 Alkali, with its ownership of North American Chemical, fell into Sir Alfred Mond's lap, and Allied Chemical had a warm spot in his heart. Previous holdings in the Nobel group introduced General Motors and Du Pont, the former numbering on its Board of Directors Sir Harry McGowan, Chairman of the Board of I.C.I. Du Pont, with its sixty plants for the manufacture of explosives, dyestuffs, cellulose products and fertilizers, works hand in glove with its British ally—so much so that the Senate Commission became a little embarrassed and looked the other way long enough for Irenee (or was it Felix) Du Pont to knock the ashes out of his pipe and regain his Olympian composure.

"Who holds chemicals and who holds the non-ferrous metals has the industrial future of the world in his hands"—thus William Fox, in the pamphlet above referred to. In relations to war the I.C.I. has established, through its home and foreign interests, a control over the means of mass-murder which can, and must be, relentlessly smashed only by the translation into international mass-action of such protests as will be again registered at Chicago by the delegates to the Second Congress Against War and Fascism.

Disclosures by the Commission tending to show the feverish air rearmament of Germany (principally under the disguise of "encouraging civil aviation") will surprise only those who still think that Fritz Thyssen's parrot, Adolf Hitler, and his hawk, Goering, are not merely birds of a feather but birds of Paradise. Confining ourselves to aviation, here are a few further facts which deserve repetition (the original story, as told by the French military observer, Lieutenant-Colonel Reboul, was translated in the August issue of *The Living Age*—in whose columns, by the way, appeared much of the material later utilized by *Fortune* in its pamphlet "Arms and the Men," and by Engelbrecht and Hanighen in their widely-read "Merchants of Death"):

In Sweden there is an aircraft manufacturing company known as the "Flyngindustri." It is, however, Swedish only in name: actually it is an affiliate of the great German Junkers firm, and was set up for the purpose of evading the armament clauses of the Versailles Treaty. All aeroplanes built by this company carry the designation "K," standing for Kreig: War. These machines, although identical to others built in Germany, are kept out of the country, and in readiness for "The Day." For example, the German postal plane A-20 corresponds to the Swedish scouting plane K-36; mail plane F-13 to scouting plane K-43, transport plane G-24 to the trimotored combat plane K-30, and transport plane J-48 to pursuit plane K-47. "These instances," states Reboul, "could be multiplied. The planes would become identical if the same armament were installed in the German models, and that is just what the Reich has in mind . . . In short, all the planes are built in such a way that they can easily be transformed" from the ostensibly civil uses of the powerful Lufthansa Airlines to units of Air Minister Goering's 20,000-plane attack upon Lyons, Belgium, England—Moscow.

Further evidence of Germany's fixed determination to inoculate the whole of Europe with poison gas and National Socialism:

On the first of January, 1934, it was admitted that Germany, within the space of three or four days, could mobilize an air force made up of 80 big bombing planes, 160 me-

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dium size bombers, 250 observation planes, 100 scout planes, 75 pursuit planes, and 100 of various types ready for delivery from German factories (including the famous "B.M.W." and Siemens & Halske works) having a production capacity of 500 planes per week.

Orders for delivery by the end of 1935 at the latest include: 300 Ju-52 planes designed for day bombing (capacity, three tons of bombs, cruising time, six hours); 300 Do-X-1 or Do-X-2 night bombers carrying a load of 15 tons each at a speed of 180 kilometers an hour; 1,600 Pratt & Whitney 600-horsepower Hornet motors, for installation in the Junkers K-45 or K-47 machines. The former, a night bomber, can drop half a ton of incendiary or chemical Nazi "propaganda" on an objective 300 miles away; the latter has an even better performance, and can carry a few soldiers besides.

And what of the so-called Luftflottenverein —Air League—whose thousands of youthful members maintain flying fields all over the country, learning to become "civil" pilots in the planes so generously supplied by the government? And the powerful Deutscher Luftfahr Verband, similar to the British Royal Aeronautical Society whose President is C. R. Fairey, of the Fairey Aviation Company? Secretly subsidized by the Reich, this organization of 100,000 members operates flying schools and even provides insurance against accident and death—at a cost of about $5 per month for each aviator or his family, paid, naturally, through lower wages for the workers. All of this activity means good business for chemical, iron and steel, motor and electrical works throughout Germany, Europe, the United States — even Japan, whose great Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo trusts are working overtime to preserve —along with "peace" in Manchuria—German "agriculture" against decay.

In Switzerland (which has such a high moral horror of the Soviet Union) the Soleure Societe Anonyme d'Armes de Guerre manufactures cannon under Krupp patents, while the Oerlikon tool and machine works busies itself with machine guns and aeroplane motors. In Holland, paradise of smugglers and gun-runners, the Siderius firm maintains the closest relations with the Ruhr munitions industries; torpedoes are made at Utrecht by a subsidiary of the German Pintsch "gas-meter factory," and the Nederlandsche Vliegtuigenfabrik the Fokker company, produces in close association with British Vickers and American firms. The Hague, scene of recent demonstrations against Queen and Government, swarms with the agents of Schneider, Skoda, Krupp, Vickers, I.C.I., Bofors, Hotchkiss and Cockerill, to say nothing of the great aircraft combines Fairey, Hawker, de Havilland, Handley Page, Curtiss-Wright, whose commercial ferocity is none the less for being soothed by government subsidies and expert "military" salesmen. Italy, in addition to its own shipbuilding, chemical and munitions plants, shelters a branch of the Dornier Company, and Turkey harbors an offspring of German Junkers. Spain, Rumania, Poland, Italy, Ireland, Holland, Canada, New Zealand and Japan all have plants under the control of Vickers, alone or in combination with other firms (incidentally, it may be noted that the Hispano-Suiza concern has recently developed a new type of aircraft gun which greatly interests French experts: this toy is *built into the motor and fires through the center of the propeller,* thus eliminating the Fokker synchronizing system of firing between the blades). Add, for good measure, that in Austria the Hirtenberg Rifle Works ably champions the "Christian Socialism" of its owner, Prince von Stahremberg, while the munitions plants at Steyr (scene of heroic struggles in the February insurrection) restore the balance by lending the most attentive ear to orders from "Anschluss" Germany.

Not difficult, after such facts as these—which could be added to and amplified *ad nauseam*—to understand friend Jonas' remark to the effect that if one does not get the business, another will. Nor hard to see that all liberal, pacifist and reformist attempts to save our present capitalist society by curbing the activities of these subtly interlocking war industries is like trying to destroy a gigantic net of steel cable by slicing out a few of its synapses here and there. The feat is impossible for the simple reason that in all countries outside of Soviet jurisdiction *all industries tend toward the state of war,* and that such war is the final outcome of the "organization of social decay" which, in the brilliant analysis of R. Palme Dutt, is Fascism: the *rigor mortis* of Imperialism, itself "the last stage of capitalism."

Behind the entire structure of the international armaments racket is (quoting again from Dutt words that should be memorized by all workers of hand and brain in all countries):

> the endeavor to strangle the powers of production, to arrest development, to destroy material and human forces, to fetter international exchange, to check science and invention, to crush the development of ideas and thought, and to concentrate on the organization of limited, self-sufficient, non-progressive hierarchic societies in a state of mutual war—in short, to force back society to a more primitive stage in order to maintain the existing class domination. This is the path of Fascism, the path to which the bourgeoisie in all modern countries where it rules is increasingly turning, the path of human decay.

The Theatre

IT IS a safe guess that New York's present theatrical season has already witnessed about $50,000 worth of failures. And most of the new plays still running continue only because there have been no first-rate hits. There is ironical amusement in searching out the reasons, but whatever they are, one fact remains: Somewhere there was $50,000, and somewhere it has gone. And this bit of Jeremiah-like statisticizing brings me to the main point of the theatrical week.

In a gloomy, ill-lit, badly ventilated loft of East 12th Street, there was a conference last week-end. Called by the League of Workers' Theatres, it comprised some 200 delegates from worker groups as far off as Seattle, Chicago, and Detroit. One by one the delegates reported, presented, and discussed endless problems of their work. And each spoke of a tremendous handicap: the lack of money. They described their technique of poverty.

Fifty thousand dollars! Fifty thousand dollars would endow a hundred such theatres for a year.

But their other problems were considered even more important than the lack of money. Staging, manuscripts, stationary theatres, theatres of action and mobility, scenery, actors, organization, publicity, etc. You felt as you listened that here were theatre-workers committed to express a class message not only *in* the theatre but also on the streets, on picket lines, to the jobless, to trade unions and workers' clubs. How far have they gone? How well have they done this?

There used to be a time—and not so long ago—when you'd say after seeing one of their ten-minute agitational sketches: "It's badly done, I admit; but it's mine." Perhaps you went home grumbling over the incompetence of the staging or the acting or the crude sloganized conception, but trotting alongside your complaint was a sensation of excitement rarely experienced from the conventional theatre. This excitement over seeing something new allayed your irritation and the next time you saw something announced you went anyway. But today you've a different grumble. You say: "Why don't they give us more? Why don't they spread out?"

In no small measure the workers' theatre has come into its own. Not with a flourish of trumpets, not accompanied by assorted calliopes, not even with one-fiftieth of the failure money mentioned above. But with modesty and an enormous amount of hard work. And they give promise of being *the* alive theatre in America today.

They have gone a long way toward correcting the mistakes of commission and omission which their egregiously tolerant audiences long condoned. If it can be said that they still indulge in too much sloganizing, it is also true that they now sloganize with more artistry. If it is a fact that there are still strong traces of sectarianism in their productions, it is also a fact of equal importance that more and more their plays are based on fundamental class-struggle issues. If their stress has been on European subjects in several of their more elaborate productions, then certainly

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they have done yeoman's work on specific local issues, in such projects as their "election revues." To be sure, the workers' theatres are not entirely out of the woods; but they surely have arrived where the trees are thinning out.

On Friday night, September 21, the League of Workers' Theatres opened its Eastern Conference with a program of sketches and dances at the Civic Repertory Theatre. Artef, a Yiddish company, presented a lively satire by Sholem Aleichem. This group is as competent as any professional theatre in New York. They act *together,* and a higher compliment isn't easily found. The Jack London Theatre of Newark offered *America, America,* the mass recital poem by Alfred Kreymborg first published in THE NEW MASSES. Against a mass chant are posed the two poles of classes: The degenerate love-making of the smart set and the tragically incomplete love of a worker and his wife over whose symbolic bed hang spectres of unemployment. *America, America* is not only good theatre: it is powerfully stirring theatre.

Free Thaelmann (whose new technique of "collective reporting" was described in these columns two weeks ago) is still very much worth seeing. Plays like this with all their patent faults are worth a dozen *Dodsworths* and two dozen *Tight Britches.*

The evening's climax was a burlesque election revue. In it are traces of the old sectarianism with its puppet—and unconvincing—caricatures. But it was funny and lively and scored many of its points. Its appeal, unfortunately, must necessarily be limited to those who understand its symbolism—and agree with it. The League of Workers' Theatres must broaden. It must widen its appeal so that all who can understand can be agitated by it.

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The League has made an excellent start, but it must come out of the woods entirely. Believe it or not, the Broadway theatre does its share of history-writing too. It distorts and repeats itself. *Tight Britches,* for example, records that North Carolina farmers don't have to worry over anything but bastard children, family feuds, and gettin' the young un' ma'ied off. Besides this it repeats the old *Rain* formula of a pious lad with lust-smoked eyes.

Tight Britches is one kind of farmer's play, and Hallie Flanagan's *Can You Hear Their Voices* is another kind. It is based on Whittaker Chambers' story by the same title which appeared in the monthly NEW MASSES, March, 1931, and has subsequently been reissued as a pamphlet. The Jack London Theatre of Newark is going to put it on at the Civic Repertory Theatre next Sunday, October 7. If you've read Chambers' masterpiece of proletarian fiction, you won't need to be told to see the play. If you haven't, this department takes its editorial prerogative of insisting that you make sure to attend. . . . For with $50,000 worth of failure uptown and with successes downtown costing somewhere around $50, it's time that you took steps to divert some of your gold into the coffers of the only living theatre in this country.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

Other Current Shows

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland from Erskine Caldwell's novel. Now at the Forrest Theatre. No longer the best play in New York because *Stevedore* has just reopened at the Civic Repertory. Don't expect it to tell you the whole story of the poor white farmers of Georgia, but prepare yourself for some startling revelations—and for a memorable piece of acting by James Barton. If admission were $1.10 we'd advise your spending the money, but you don't have to: the cheapest seat is 50 cents.

Judgment Day, by Elmer Rice. Belasco Theatre. A superficial "attack" on fascist dictatorships written around the Reichstag Fire frame-up. Has been making liberals and Broadway playgoers stand up and cheer—usually for irrelevant reasons, but with an anti-Hitler bias—for which Mr. Rice deserves commendation. Not to be taken except with Strachey's *Menace of Fascism* or Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution* or a subscription to THE NEW MASSES. Matinee 83 cents; night $1.10.

Life Begins at 8:40. Winter Garden. No report because no press tickets for THE NEW MASSES.

A Ship Comes In. Morosco Theatre. Jacob Ben Ami succeeds in making a really bad play worse. All about the private un-sex life of a psychologist.

College Sinners. Ritz Theatre. Imported from England as *First Episode,* now conveniently rechristened to forewarn you. Several hours of febrile tosh about the sex life of British university fops — and four or five bright phrases embedded in an otherwise unbroken stretch of boredom.

Errant Lady, by Nat Dorfman. Fulton Theatre. Two generations of domestic rifts among the Westchesterites, with a sprinkling of pleasantly obscene wisecracks that relieve the prodigious inanity. Why this play was ever written is a minor mystery except, perhaps, to laugh at the central silly character (Mrs. Jessup) whom, by the way, we've seen before and better, in *The Vinegar Tree.* G. W.

A Real Anti-Nazi Film

THE Thaelmann Liberation Committee has assembled a series of newsreels—many of them smuggled out of Germany—into what is probably the most important political film document that has come to the American screen in years. It is also the first *real* anti-Nazi film to be made in this country. The film is released as *Ernst Thaelmann: Fighter Against Fascism.* It deals with the political life of Thaelmann from 1925 to his imprisonment in 1933.

It doesn't stop there. It shows clearly the underground methods of the German workers fighting Nazi oppression. The section dealing with Dimitroff's trial is especially good. Dimitroff's figure towering in the "court of justice" defending himself and his comrades as opposed to the pitiful, doped Nazi tool, Van der Lubbe, is unforgettable.

The last section is devoted to the growing United Front movement for the release of Ernst Thaelmann and the fight against war and Fascism, and includes an inspiring piece of film showing the Socialist and Communist workers of Paris in united revolutionary demonstration. I recommend this film wholeheartedly.

PETER ELLIS.

Between Ourselves

THE course of lectures on the Revolutionary Interpretation of Modern Literature, beginning at the Workers' School, 35 East 12th Street, on Friday evening September 28, already has a resigtration of over 100. Granville Hicks is the first lecturer.

Joshua Kunitz's first lecture in his month's tour of the country will be given at Rochester, October 6, under the auspices of Pen and Hammer, at 38 Scio Street.

Pittsburgh's Workers' Book Store is open, at 1638 Fifth Avenue, a proletarian district near the downtown business section. A circulating library is maintained, as well as a free reading room. Evelyn Powell, secretary of the library committee, appeals for donations of needed equipment; lamps, chairs, a bookcase, etc.

In the current issue of Sovietskaia Muzika (No. 7), a magazine devoted to the study of Soviet music, the words and music of *Into the Streets May First* are reprinted. The Russian critic A. Konstant Smis, after tracing Copland's musical development and extolling him as a master of composition, makes the following comment about Mr. Copland's music for Alfred Hayes' poem:

> Copland is at a crossroads. His First of May song, which won the contest arranged by THE NEW MASSES, is very interesting as an attempt at finding a new, simple, melodic line. Judged by Soviet criteria, however, this music still has more of the quality of intimacy than that of the "earthquake tread" found in the text.

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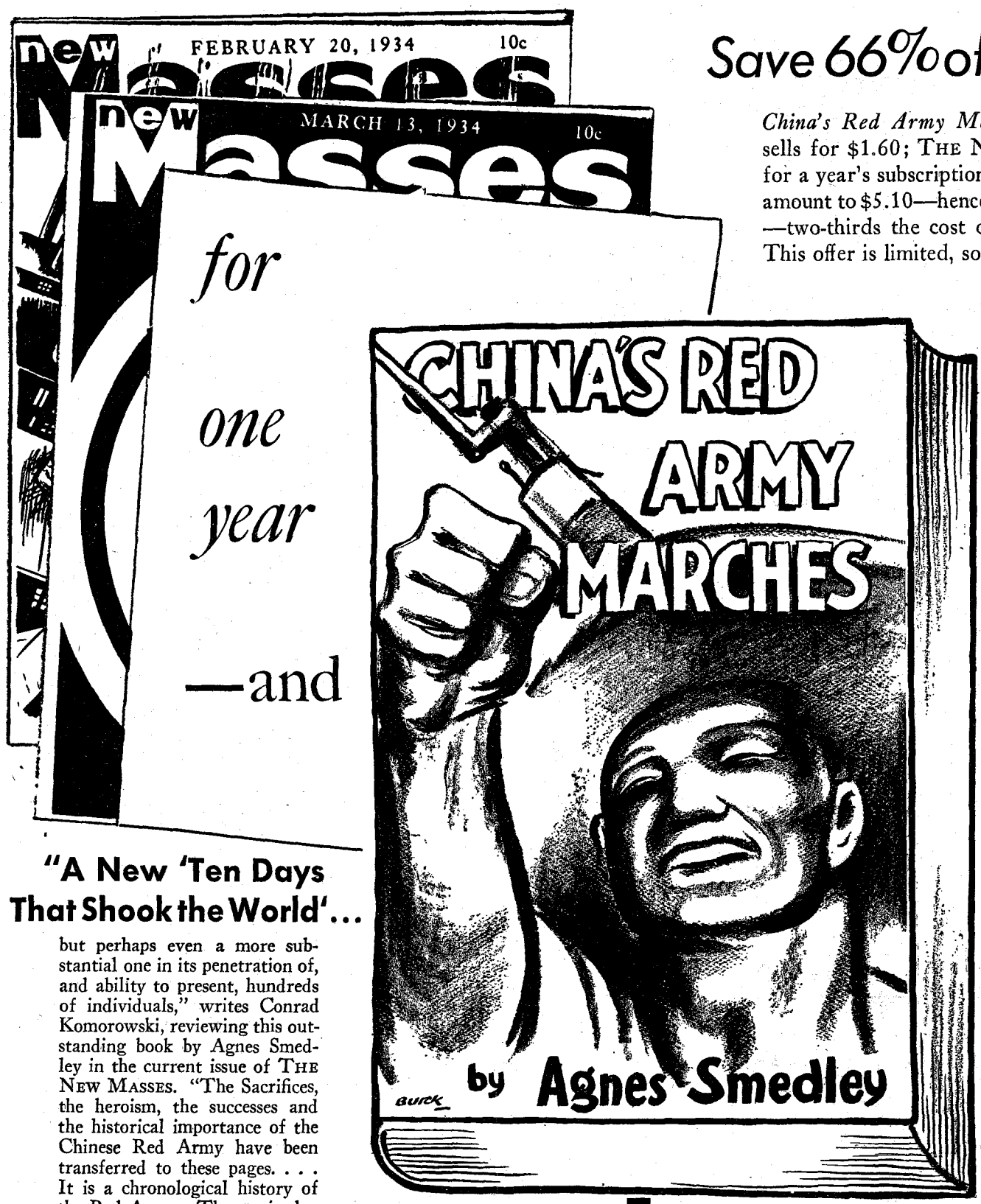

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